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SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1939.



A HISTORIC HOUR IN THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA, AFTER GIVING THE ROYAL ASSENT TO LEGISLATION—THE KING SALUTING THE GUARD.

The most historic single act of their Majesties' visit to Canada was their attendance at the Dominion Parliament in Ottawa on May 19. Here the King gave the Royal Assent to certain Bills in the Senate. This was the first time that a King had personally given his Assent to legislation in any

of the Dominions, and the act constituted an impressive symbol of the unity of the Empire under the Crown. This photograph has another unique interest for it was flown across the Atlantic in the "Yankee Clipper" on the first regular Transatlantic Mail Service. (Planet.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE royal visit to Canada is probably regarded on the continent of Europe—vexed and strained as it is well nigh to breaking-point—as a comparatively unimportant matter. A mere formal visit of State, it must seem, and not to be compared with the gigantic and terrible issues that face the world to-day. Yet it is an interesting reflection—the kind of one that appeals naturally to an historian—that in a hundred years' time the remarkable constitutional and political development that is epitomised in the King's visit to his Canadian Dominion may appear a much more important matter than the threats of the European dictators or the "suburban" quarrels of the Germans and the Poles. We have grown too accustomed to diffidence in this country in recent years. We possess a great Empire, got for us by the courage and persistence of our forefathers, and the future lies, if we choose, in our hands. We belong to an old world that has all but reduced itself to ruin, and may yet do so. But we belong also to a new world. Our heritage is one not of despair, but of hope.

It is to that hope that one turns, wearied with the disputes of Europe and the darkening present, as our common Sovereign and his Queen travel across Canada from the great eastern riverway to the far west, the snows of the Rockies and the Pacific coast. The very size of that vast land stirs the imagination. Its Governor-General has calculated that if it were to be bent over eastward, using the Atlantic seaboard as its hinge, it would cover all the North Atlantic and Northern Europe, including Germany and part of Russia. From the open sea to Montreal alone there are many hundreds of miles of riverway—the mere front-porch, as it were, of Canada. In population this great land is still comparatively small—eleven millions of people. Yet forty years ago it numbered only five millions, and in the lifetime of many now living Canada must almost inevitably become one of the great Powers of the world. How fortunate for us that, for all her natural bonds of affinity with her American neighbour, her essential pride is that she is British. It is with us that she shares her future, generously and gladly, giving it in exchange for the perhaps equally glorious heritage of our own past.

What is the alembic that gives unity, a common purpose and pride to peoples so far apart in many of their interests and in their geographical necessities? It was what Burke called the commodity of price, and of which he reminded his countrymen, who had temporarily forgotten it, that they possessed the monopoly. It was this, he held, that was really the bond of empire—ties that were as light as air and yet as strong as links of iron. "Slavery," he said of the American colonies, then reasserting their right to their birthright of British freedom, "they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest, freedom they can have from none but you." In a remarkable article in the Canadian Supplement of *The Times*, a Canadian, Mr. Grattan O'Leary, gives expression to this feeling which transcends laws and edicts and constitutional formulas. "The average Canadian does not easily define in words the loyalties that bind him to the British and democratic system.

But he knows instinctively why he would fight to the last ounce of his strength and give to the last penny of his wealth to keep that system living in the face of any threat of its extinction. It means to him the right to go about the daily business of life as a free man equal before the law to those who sit in the seats

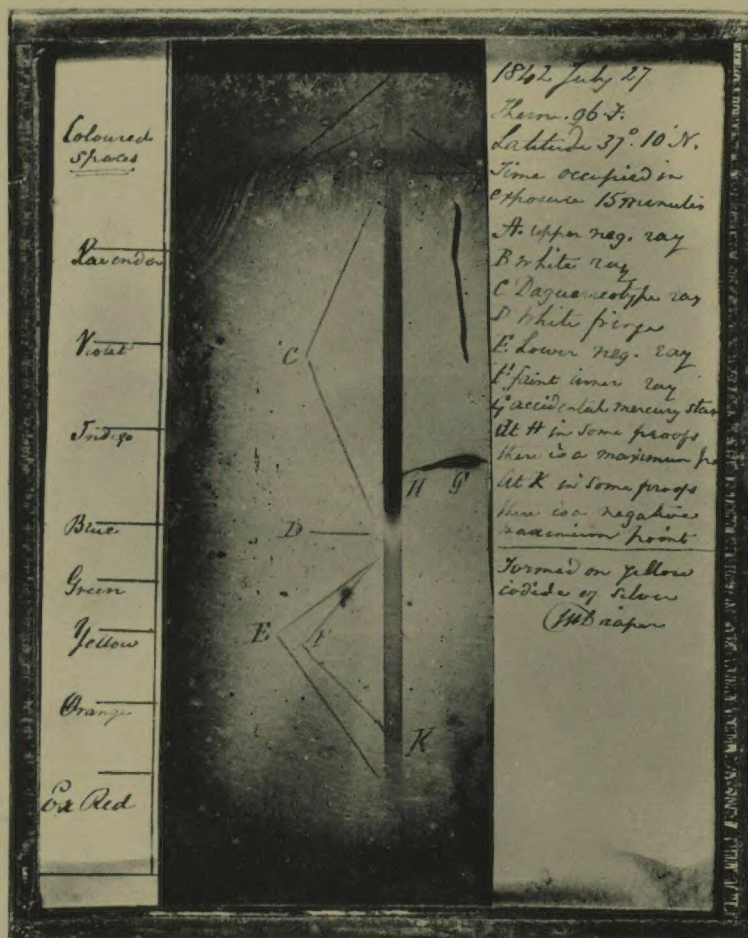
of government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. It means the right to be secure against arbitrary power of whatever kind by the petty politician who would suppress free speech, no less than against the drumhead court and the dry rot of the concentration-camp. It means the right to follow, according to his own lights and without dictation from the ruling clique of a State which has turned totalitarian, the pursuit of liberty as he has known it, and of happiness as he has hoped to find it. About these things there need be no doubt whatever. They are of the heart, the very essence, of the Canadian spirit."

One hears a good deal nowadays about the wonderful virility of certain European races as a result of recent revolutions, and almost as much about the implied decadence of such non-revolutionary countries of the Old World as our own. It is a particular thesis of the totalitarian spokesmen that it is our system of democracy and weak, old-womanish freedom that is responsible for our decay. Those who cherish such beliefs should visit Canada and see something of the spirit and physique of Canadian youth. They will have an agreeable or, as the case may be, disagreeable surprise. Air-Marshal Bishop, who won the V.C. and every other available decoration, fighting over France in the last years of the war, writes of the readiness with which Canadians are now taking to the air. It is a readiness which, in the present writer's own experience, they showed twenty years ago. "It is in their blood," the Air-Marshal writes, "part of their heritage of rugged health, love of outdoor adventure and individuality. For years they have been besieging the narrow portals of the R.A.F. in their thousands, and for years only the topmost cream has got over the dam. . . . There are still enough to man a service ten or twenty times the size of the Dominion's existing Air Force, and that without lowering the standards in the least degree." Anyone who had the honour to serve in the old Royal Flying Corps with the gallant man who wrote those lines knows that every word he utters rings true. Let tyrants tremble!

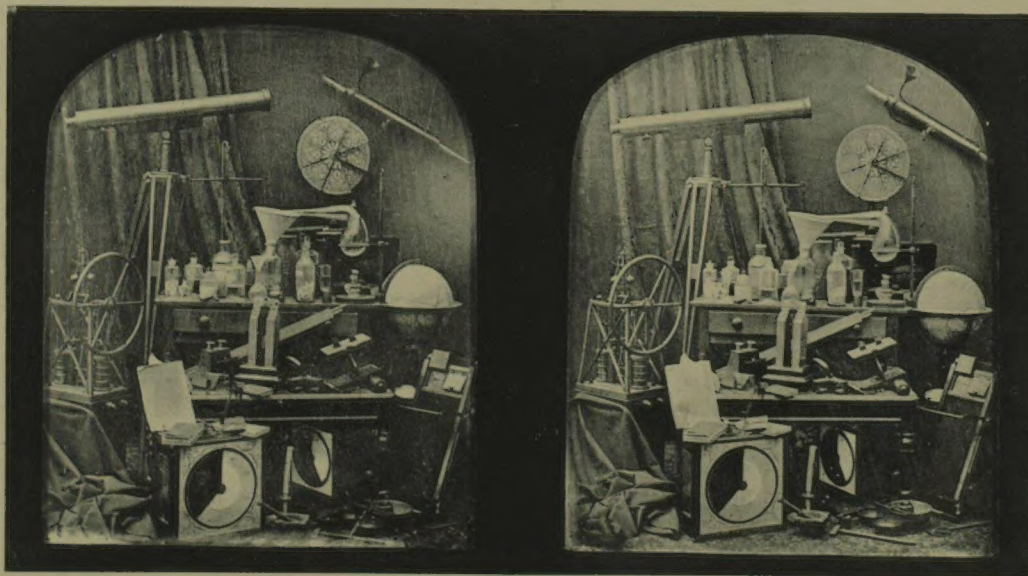
What his Majesty must be feeling as he travels through this wonderful young country, with its brave, industrious, vigorous people, its free institutions, and its thousands of miles of eternally peaceful frontiers, we can well imagine. It must be a thrilling thought to him to know that he is sovereign of such a land. It is a thrilling enough experience to visit it for the first time. Twelve years ago Lord Baldwin, then Prime Minister of Britain, travelled, as the King and Queen are now doing, through Canada, and when he returned to England recalled it in words that seem even more true than when they were first uttered:

I see again the cliffs of Quebec rising above that majestic river, the great train carrying us onwards through boundless cornfields in the Middle West, great cities standing where the pioneer's axe once hardly made its way, limitless forests whose fringes still recede further to make way for the industry of man. One who enters Westminster

Abbey and surveys the hoarded history of its thousand years cannot but feel richer from the consciousness it brings that centuries have gone to his making and that his roots are established in the ages. The Abbey is an epitome of England. One who visits Canada and sees her in the radiance and glory of her morning learns a new hope, a new security.



THE SOLAR SPECTRUM PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1842 BY THE DAGUERRETYPE PROCESS: ONE OF THE "CENTENARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY" EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S CONVERSAZIONE.



A STEREOSCOPIC DAGUERRETYPE DEPICTING A GROUP OF SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS, PHOTOGRAPHED c. 1850 BY ANTOINE CLAUDET, LONDON, AND EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S RECENT CONVERSAZIONE. This year being the centenary of photography, examples of some early Daguerreotypes and Talbotypes were exhibited by Mr. George H. Gabb at the Royal Society's Conversazione held last Wednesday. We illustrate above two of these rare exhibits—reproduced from silver-plate photographs made by the original Daguerreotype process, which was first announced to the world in 1839. That of the solar spectrum was taken by Professor J. W. Draper, of New York, and presented by him to Sir J. F. W. Herschel whose learned paper on the subject was published in the "Philosophical Magazine" in 1843. The Daguerreotype then passed to Sir William Crookes and subsequently into the possession of the present owner, Mr. George H. Gabb. The stereoscopic Daguerreotype is of particular interest as it is a rare example of the early use of photography as the medium whereby two slightly dissimilar photographs of the same objects appear to be in relief when viewed through a stereoscope.

of power. It means the right to think as he pleases and to say what he thinks without restraint, and to vote as his own judgment bids him vote. It means that right to worship in his own way according to his conscience. It means the right to live under a system

THE ITALIANS WHO LED GENERAL FRANCO'S VICTORY MARCH IN MADRID.

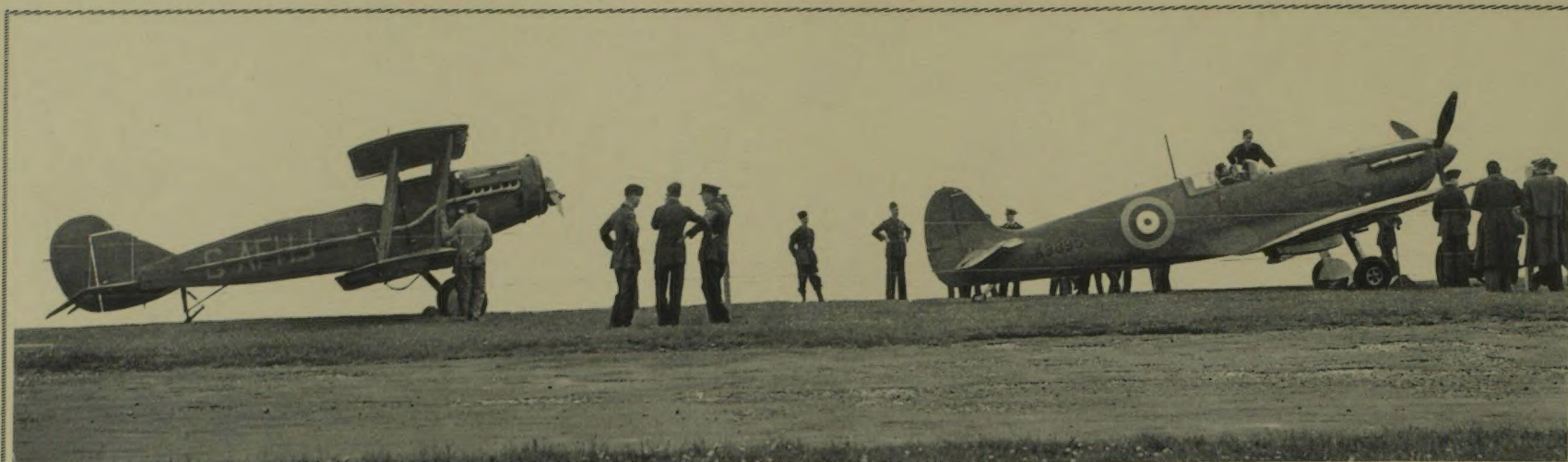


GENERAL FRANCO TAKING THE SALUTE OF AN ITALIAN PACK BATTERY FROM AN ELABORATE TRIBUNE HUNG WITH TAPESTRY, IN FRONT OF WHICH STAND SUBALTERNs WITH ANCIENT SPANISH BANNERS, AND MOORISH GUARDS.

General Franco's victory parade was held in Madrid on May 19. More than 150,000 troops took part. The parade was led by General Saliquet, commander of the Nationalist Army of the Centre. General Gambara, leader of the 21,000 Italian "legionaries," followed with his four divisions, the Littorio, the Black Arrows, the Blue Arrows, and the Green Arrows. The Italians marched past in field dress, wearing olive-green uniforms and steel helmets, in a formation

eighteen abreast. Several hundred field guns, lorries, and ambulances separated the different sections. They took 75 minutes to pass. After them came military cadets and marines and representative groups from the Southern and Levant army corps; 30,000 Carlists led by General Solchaga; General Valino's Moors; the First Army Corps; Spanish lancers; Moorish cavalry; and near the end the German "Condor" legion under Colonel von Richthofen. (A.P.)

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE ON VIEW: SPECIAL FEATURES OF EMPIRE AIR DAY.



THE START OF A FLIGHT BY SQUADRON-LEADER GEORGE STAINFORTH, FORMER WORLD-SPEED RECORD-HOLDER, DURING WHICH HE COVERED 1070 MILES IN 3 HRS. 5 MIN.: THE SUPERMARINE "SPITFIRE" ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FROM NETHERAVON, WILTS, SHOWING (LEFT) AN OLD WAR-TIME BRISTOL FIGHTER. (C.P.)



AT HENDON—ONE OF MANY R.A.F. STATIONS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON EMPIRE AIR DAY: "BLENHEIM" BOMBERS FLYING IN FORMATION. (Planet.)



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE R.A.F.: SCHOOLBOYS EXAMINING THE COCKPIT OF A FAIREY "BATTLE" TWO-SEAT DAY BOMBER AT HENDON. (A.P.)



REALISM AT BIGGIN HILL: A SET-PIECE—REPRESENTING A BRIDGE—BEING DESTROYED DURING A LOW-FLYING ATTACK BY HAWKER "HURRICANES." (C.P.)



AT NORTHOLT: A SQUADRON FLYING IN PERFECT FORMATION OVER A ROAD WHERE MANY STILL WAITED TO GAIN ADMITTANCE TO THE AERODROME. (Keystone.)

This year sixty-three R.A.F. stations, as compared with fifty-eight last year, were open to the public and provided visitors with an opportunity to acquaint themselves with the various units of the Metropolitan Air Force, which is primarily concerned with the air defence of this country, during the Empire Air Day displays on May 20. A feature of the displays were the formations of various types of machines which toured the R.A.F. stations. The most remarkable flight of this kind was made by Squadron-Leader George Stainforth, who set up the last world's speed record held by Britain in 1931, in a Supermarine "Spitfire." He

flew from Netheravon, Wilts, to Evanton, Ross-shire, and back, calling on both journeys at Ternhill (Salop), Driffield (E. Yorks), and Montrose, in 3 hrs. 5 min. at an average speed of over 300 m.p.h. At many aerodromes set-pieces had been constructed and these were bombed with much realism, even Hawker "Hurricane" fighters for once adopting a new rôle at Biggin Hill. At Hornchurch twenty-seven "Spitfire" fighters took off in mass formation, providing a thrilling spectacle, and a demonstration of formation flying was given by "Hurricane" fighters and Anson coastal reconnaissance aircraft at Tangmere, Sussex.

AIR-MINDED BRITAIN: THE CROWD AT NORTHOLT ON EMPIRE AIR DAY.



TYPICAL OF THE REMARKABLE ATTENDANCES, TOTALLING NEARLY A MILLION PEOPLE, AT R.A.F. STATIONS ON EMPIRE AIR DAY: A SECTION OF THE AERODROME AT NORTHOLT, SHOWING THE CLOSELY-PACKED SPECTATORS.

The sixth Empire Air Day was observed on May 20 at seventy-eight aerodromes throughout the country, including sixty-three Royal Air Force stations. This year marks the "coming of age" of the Royal Air Force, and the number of people (estimated by one authority at nearly a million) who were present at the various displays seemed to show that within that period Britain has become an air-minded nation. Judging by the spectators who thronged the aerodromes, a

keen interest is now taken in the Royal Air Force by men, women and children, young and old alike. The expansion of the Service has also increased the number of people who have relations in the R.A.F., and they swelled the crowds of the curious, the interested, and the pleasure-seeking, making a total far in advance of last year's attendance of 420,000. Further photographs showing the displays at some of the stations will be seen on the facing page. (A.P.)

THE TERRIBLE AIR RAIDS OF MAY 3 AND 4 ON CHINA'S WAR-TIME CAPITAL:

HIGH-EXPLOSIVE AND INCENDIARY BOMBS IN CHUNGKING—
AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE JAPANESE ATTACKS.

By A. W. FARMER.

On May 3 and 4, some three weeks after the beginning of the Chinese counter-offensive which brought the Chinese army near to Canton, the Japanese inflicted the terrible raids on Chungking. Here we print an eye-witness account, which has just reached us, of the raids and of the previous A.R.P. measures in Chungking. Estimates in the Press placed the casualties at figures which varied from 4000 to 10,000. It is important to realise that, but for the functioning of the A.R.P. services, these figures would have been considerably higher. Great Britain, the United States and France lodged protests against the bombing of Chungking; but, to quote "The Times" leader of May 9, "the Japanese Air Force does not seem disposed to rest upon its laurels, and promises bigger and better raids in the near future." There were, "The Times" continued, "certain military establishments on the outskirts . . . in the residential parts of the city (which was the part bombed) there is not even a factory or railway station to invoke the excuse of 'military objectives.'"

CHUNGKING, China's wartime capital, situated 1500 miles up the Yangtze River, and hidden for half the year in the mists that shroud the Szechwan Mountains, has been for æons the sanctuary of dethroned emperors and worsted warlords. Though probably still impregnable against land attack, the city has been betrayed by the mile-wide Yangtze, which serves as a path-finder in bad weather for the Japanese from their nearest airfield at Hankow, some 600 miles distant. Chengtu, the headquarters of missionary activity in West China, and home of the 3,000,000-dollar campus of the British-American West China Union University, is located even deeper in Szechwan Province, yet it had its baptism of bombing in November 1938. It was not until January 14, 1939, that Chungking's many alarm sirens sounded. Only three bombs were dropped on that occasion, yet the casualties reached 200. So bitterly were the raiders attacked by Chungking's defence squadron of Chinese and Russian pilots, that most of the bombs fell either in the Yangtze or on its foreshore.

Not until May 3 did the sirens wail the alarm again, and the Chungking Air Defence Headquarters made full use of the precious breathing spell by concentrating on A.R.P. They called for 16,000 volunteers, and got them from all walks of life. After a solid month of training, these auxiliaries of the Chungking police force, gendarmerie, and fire brigade were split into ten duty divisions, and assigned to various sections of the big city. They were detailed into wrecking, fire-fighting, first-aid, anti-gas, engineering, traffic control, sanitation, and ambulance squads.

The mass flight from the war zones had sent Chungking's peacetime population of 200,000 soaring to at least 700,000. By terrifying posters, by dreadful descriptions of bombings elsewhere, by coercion, the authorities endeavoured to

narrow alleyways built for the traditional Chungking method of transportation by means of sedan-chairs. Compensation and homes in the country were provided by the Government for 1500 families whose houses were torn down.

The dual policy of war and reconstruction measures proceeding arm-in-arm in Chungking brought vivid contrasts. Thousands of workmen toiling day and night bored and blasted air-raid shelters into the city's foundations, and from the subterranean honeycombs came blocks of stone for the factories, shops and private residences



AFTER THE ALL-CLEAR SIGNAL AT CHUNGKING: PEOPLE EMERGING FROM ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN DUG-OUTS, CARRYING THEIR STOOLS.

arising on every hand in courageous defiance of all the laws of aerial warfare. These dug-outs now number nearly 1000, and yet they are still inadequate for the teeming population. Slowly stretching from one end of the city to the other is a four-kilometre tunnel which should protect a third or more of the population when it is completed by August or September next. After the war, the tunnel will become China's first underground tramway. All through the night, terrific explosions shudder the city as the excavators drive their shafts onward, but disturbed sleepers have some solace in knowing that future safety is being assured.

The war has introduced a new design into the construction of buildings of the meaner sort in Chungking, as in all other cities within flying range of Japanese bombers. For the hundreds of new houses being built to accommodate refugee families it is now the standing order that, while wood and mud may be used for the walls and roofs, stone is indispensable for the foundations, and the small subterranean room encased by four stone walls forms an ideal

family dugout. All Government offices, leading private firms, and wealthy citizens have their private dugouts, to which air-raid invitations are as satisfying and hard to come by as cards for a Buckingham Palace ball. Such residential organisations as the Chinese Y.M.C.A. have costly dugouts, whose expenses are defrayed by charging members of the general public 50 dollars or so for an air-raid season-ticket. The most elaborate dugout in Chungking is possessed by the Russian Embassy, whose 150,000-dollar excavation is equipped with a bathroom, bedroom, bar, office, and an air-conditioning device enabling a stay underground of twenty-four hours.

In addition to the sirens, warnings are given by traffic policemen, who carry red and green flags. When the first alarm sounds, they wave both red and green flags, to signify that there is danger in the air. The red flag denotes the urgent alarm. That endures until the green flag signals the all-clear. In Chungking, and every other city in Free China, traffic policemen and gendarmes must remain at their posts even when bombs are falling. Many have died on duty. Lately in the Chungking pavements appeared cavities facetiously known as "elephant-traps," until they were fitted with lids. They have been made to give some measure of protection to the police.

The efficiency of the A.R.P. measures was seen on May 3, when forty-five Japanese 'planes raided the "Mountain City." It was undoubtedly the largest armada of bombers ever sent on a single mission of destruction since Sino-Japanese hostilities began, such an aggregation of

interest until Air Defence Headquarters began driving fire-lanes through the city to isolate building blocks against conflagrations caused by incendiary bombs, and to give the eight modern "fire-dragons" access to crowded areas criss-crossed only by

machine-gun fire being highly necessary, as the journey was beyond flying distance of their pursuit craft. The sun blazed through light mists. It was an ideal day for attack. The raiders came from the north, and their bomb-trail started a mile from the congested down-town business section of the city. Bombs blew the top off the uninhabited mountain range beside the Yangtze River; they caused immense spouts of water around the island on which is situated the commercial air-field from whence 'planes now take off for direct connections with airlines to England, Russia, America, and Australia. The trail at last reached the city, with telling hits that flared immediately into the dreaded infernos caused by incendiary elements. On went the trail, through to the bend of the Yangtze, blowing poor townsmen who had sought refuge with the people of the river to bits. A Japanese bomber came down in a plume of black smoke and scarlet flame. Three dots opened out into giant mushrooms. One of the parachutes landed in the river, which swirled the hapless flier, who seconds before had faced death by fire, to death by drowning.

Huge fires surrounded one of the military headquarters, but the building itself was unscathed. A bomb that landed fifty yards away smothered the English Quaker Mission building with debris. Flames licked the roof of the Canadian Mission. Three bombs landed within fifty paces of Reuter's office, and the bomb that completely wrecked a French shipping firm only cracked the windows of its neighbour and British rival for the Upper Yangtze shipping trade—Butterfield and Swire. Terrible cries came from pancaked buildings. In a trice the smoke-filled streets were crowded with people who had saved their lives, and were now bent on saving everything that could be moved from the path of the flames.

Before the crackle of aerial machine-gun duelling had drifted beyond earshot, Chungking's emergency services were in action. Within half an hour, well-trained ambulance men had despatched the bulk of the wounded to the British, American and Chinese hospitals. Police, soldiers and volunteers were pumping water and manning the hoses, shoulder to shoulder with the regular fire-fighters. Boy scouts were excavating buried people, and girl guides were giving first-aid. Smartly turned-out Military Academy cadets were holding the crowds in check, and forcing lanes for ambulances, fire-engines, and the lines of stretcher-bearers. Big five-storey stone buildings were gutted, and lives were lost as walls crashed, but the fires that flamed like torches from the incendiary chemicals were held in control. Chungking's emergency services worked with tireless efficiency. Nothing could have saved a slum quarter on the bank of the Yangtze, which blazed like a timber-yard fire. Two terrible tragedies brought the casualty-list to more than 1000. Several hundred poor people died in the destruction of a hospital for opium addicts, and about 250 people of substantial means who had sought refuge in the basement of the new Bank of China building still under construction were crushed to death when a high-explosive bomb struck the building shell squarely. Otherwise the casualty list would have been extremely light. That evening began the mass evacuation that all Government cajolery had failed to accomplish.

The following night (May 4), twenty-seven Japanese 'planes carried out a twilight raid with incendiary and high-explosive bombs. They attacked in line formation, and started a two-mile wall of flame that devoured about one-fifth of the city. The ferocity of the attack made it evident that the Japanese military plan does not consider the occupation of Chungking. No other city—not even



FIRST-AID TO THE INJURED: GIRL MEMBERS OF THE CHUNGKING A.R.P. CORPS BANDAGE A BOMB VICTIM, WHILE A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NATIONAL RELIEF COMMISSION FILLS IN A CARD ALLOTING HIM TEMPORARY SHELTER.

Canton last summer—had suffered so severely. Death by burning, by crushing, by burial alive in dugouts, and more merciful death by bomb-fragments, claimed more than a thousand victims. As they worked through the night to save their own building, perched on the 40-foot city wall, the staff of the German Consulate heard the screams of people trapped below by the flames. In the morning they saw five acres of smouldering ruin—formerly a packed section of the town—and at their feet lay the agony-distorted bodies of 150 men, women and children who had slowly baked to death. Bombs dropped at the very doors of the British, French and German Consulates failed to explode. Flames surrounded the English Quaker Mission, and left it unharmed. And although [Continued opposite.



BRITISH-OWNED PROPERTY DESTROYED BY HIGH-EXPLOSIVE AT CHUNGKING: THE DÉBRIS WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS ATTACHED TO THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

move the city's floating population into the country districts. But they were up against Chinese psychology and a highly developed herd-instinct. The *hsiao kiang jen* (down-river people) refused to move, because they had already reached the limits of their endurance and finances in gruelling thousand-mile or more flights to regions which they imagined would be safe. The local inhabitants clung tenaciously to their homes and trades. To them bombing was an unknown terror: this twenty-two-month-old war has proved that a Chinese has to be really hurt before he abandons his hearth. The Government allotted 1,000,000 dollars for the evacuation of the destitute poor. The "Big Four" Government banks started a rural model village plan to absorb the homeless and establish them in handicraft industries. But the schemes aroused little

THE CALVARY OF CHUNGKING: AFTER THE RAIDS OF MAY 3 AND 4.



AFTER THE FIRST DAY'S BOMBING OF CHUNGKING ON MAY 3: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF HOMELESS PEOPLE CROWDING TOGETHER ON THE CITY SIDE OF THE YANGTZE RIVER.



IN ONE OF THE BETTER-CLASS QUARTERS OF CHUNGKING: HOUSES WHICH REMAINED STANDING—AND THE RUINS OF OTHERS WHICH DID NOT.



GOING INTO ACTION IN ONE OF THE CITY'S MAIN STREETS: MEMBERS OF THE CHUNGKING FIRE BRIGADE, WHICH HAD FORTUNATELY UNDERGONE PREVIOUS INTENSIVE PREPARATION AND TRAINING.



AMIDST THE RUIN AND DESOLATION OF CHUNGKING: A POLICEMAN ON POINT-DUTY, BUT WITH LITTLE TRAFFIC TO DIRECT EXCEPT PEDESTRIANS.



FORMERLY THE MOST PROSPEROUS AND BUSIEST THOROUGHFARE IN CHUNGKING: THE RUINS OF THE STREET CALLED TU YU KAI.



SURVIVORS OF THE JAPANESE INCENDIARY BOMBS; WITH THEIR HOMES IN THE SLUM QUARTER ABLAZE BEHIND THEM, COVERED BY A PALL OF SMOKE.

Continued.

bombs shattered every fragment of plaster and every pane of glass in the Catholic Mission d'Etranger de Paris, and bomb splinters killed twenty people in the compound and wrecked a wall from which, the following morning, could be seen protruding the limbs of buried people—yet the main building was unharmed. Chungking's Air Raid Precautions corps worked non-stop through the night, and in the early morning exhausted volunteers could scarcely be detected from the dead they lay amongst.

And then the powers that be were kind to the stricken city. Rain extinguished the embers of the mighty fire; and gave at least a day's start on the bombers to the countless thousands of people streaming into the countryside. But Chungking still remained in an agony of apprehension, for handbills dropped by the raiders gave the diabolic warning that it would only take four more raids to burn the city to ashes; raids which, at the moment of writing, have not as yet been carried out.

THE LIFE OF A GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORESS.

"A PECULIAR TREASURE": By EDNA FERBER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS EDNA FERBER, author of many novels, short stories and plays, has now written a substantial, interesting, and honest autobiography. When I say "honest" I do not imply that she indulges in any of that morbid self-stripping or those "frank revelations" about other people by means of which some recent autobiographers have attracted attention. I merely mean that she is devoid of poise, pretence, deceit, or malice, and aims at no effects which are not produced by the natural narration of her experiences. She has a buoyant nature which revels in the outside world, although she is capable,

in a grubby boarding-house, consorted with tough but sterling journalists, and went after stories from the police courts. She was very young, and working at a time when women in business were few and women in daily journalism a startling innovation. She shows a charming unawareness of what must have been her remarkable courage: in all probability what kept her going and cheerful, in the face of poverty, hard work, and all sorts of squalor, ruthlessness and discouragement, was the zest of the born writer, already unconsciously collecting materials for later use. She did not know it yet, but all was grist to her and stored up.

A few years of this and she sent in her first story to a magazine. It was accepted and she at once sent another story to another magazine which she thought would pay better. No answer came, and she wrote to the editor: "Dear Sir—Two weeks ago I sent you a short story called 'The Frog and the Puddle.' I have heard nothing from you. It seems to me you have had plenty of time in which to make up your mind. Will you please return my story immediately? If you don't want her, I want her." The odd upshot of this was the instant offer of a hundred dollars. Miss Ferber's future was clear, and she settled down to professional story-writing. She had the fortune, quite early, to hit upon a character who took the public fancy—Mrs. McChesney, a female commercial traveller, and a new type. Editors offered fantastic sums for new McChesney stories: the theme was becoming a habit, when Miss Ferber had the sense to see she was getting into a rut, to refuse a blank cheque, and to leave the lady drummer behind her. Thereafter she wrote a succession of novels—"So Big" and "Show Boat" are the best-known—which made her one of the most successful of modern novelists. She prides herself on her realistic imagination concerning great slices of American life: she has, for example, never been on the Mississippi, and has imagined unseen communities so well that they have showered threats of libel on her. In all this progress she takes an unaffected delight, and the reader can share her pleasure as first the lonely girl and then the independent middle-aged lady "makes good," "gets into the big money" and travels over the world.

war appalled her, the state of the world since the war, and especially the growth of the new tyranny in Germany weighs heavily upon her. More and more one sees a Jewess who began with a pride in being an American who also happened to be proud of belonging to a gifted and persistent race, being thrown back upon her consciousness of Jewry. But she is never near despair, and she resembles multitudes of Jews who have been forced back upon a consciousness of separation and make a virtue of necessity in being provoked to a challenge. She ends, as she began, with the quotation "Now, therefore, if ye will obey



MISS EDNA FERBER'S EARLY PASSION FOR THE THEATRE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF HER AT THE AGE OF SEVEN, WHEN SHE WAS FOR EVER "SPEAKING PIECES."

Miss Ferber confesses in her autobiography that she has been stage-struck all her life—partly, perhaps, because of a toy theatre that her grandfather manipulated to entertain the family. "From the time I first learned to talk I was a demon reciter. I was forever speaking pieces, and I must have been very funny, because there was always a crowd of grown-ups and older children round me."

especially when confronted with stark brutality, of withdrawing into meditation. And she has a fundamental sociability which tends to make her, though without blindness, find and welcome the best in people, and make herself thoroughly at home with them. Any revelation of baseness in them comes as a surprise, a painful absurdity in a world where men, with life so short and nature to be fought, should all be kind to one another. Only twice, I think, does she speak bitterly of people. In each instance they had been guilty of the vilest, face-to-face bad manners about Miss Ferber's race.

Miss Ferber, our common humanity apart, looks at life from three angles: as an American, as a creative writer, and as a Jewess. In her early chapters the American local interest is strong. Her father came from Hungary, married, and went to a small town in Wisconsin, where he kept (not too successfully, for he went blind) a store. The "small-town life" is described as it has often been described before, but that capacity for taking an intense interest in her surroundings which often serves Miss Ferber so well, rather betrays her here; her commonplace details of local, family, and childish life are less likely to appear significant to others than they are to her, and the first hundred pages might well have been reduced had she exercised a gift of selection.

However, the time came for her to earn a living and she began, in her teens, as a reporter on a local paper—the town had about ten thousand inhabitants, just out of the pioneering stage, but it had its social gossip (picked up from shop assistants) and momentous meetings like any metropolis—and Miss Ferber can still feel excitement about her tiny "scoops." Thence she went to a Milwaukee paper. She lived



MISS FERBER, FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORESS OF "SO BIG" AND "SHOW BOAT": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THIS YEAR.

Reproductions from "A Peculiar Treasure"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.

Her travels she enjoys. She says, truly, that "it is the lot of the imaginative creative writer always to look on, never to participate"; but there is enough of the lively mixer in her to prevent her ever lapsing into solitude. Her numerous photographs show her evidently enjoying herself in all sorts of places, company, and costumes. But a shadow creeps over the book as time passes. The



AFTER HER FOUR YEARS AT RYAN HIGH SCHOOL, APPLETON, WISCONSIN, WHICH SHE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED: MISS FERBER AS A HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE, AGED SEVENTEEN.

Miss Ferber enjoyed her schooldays so much that she used to wake up on Saturday mornings with a sinking feeling because there was no school that day. One reason was the amount of time devoted to theatricals and the teaching of "declamation"—Wisconsin being a great state for public speakers. In her last year she entered the State Declamatory Contest, and won first place. Terrific enthusiasm in her home town greeted this triumph.

my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine; and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation." By the same token it may be observed that she has taken the title of her book from this passage.

"I am," she says, "like a woman disappointed in love—in her love of the human race." She was so good-natured herself and expected rather more than, in the light of human history, she had a right to expect. But her book is by no means predominantly an argumentative, controversial, political book; in the main it is a personal record. And it is crowded with figures. Few of them are observed at length in this picture of a life lived, seemingly, in a cinematograph rush, but they are certainly numerous enough, and many of them celebrated. On one page there is a conversation with President Hoover, on another one with Houdini—who perhaps solved his problems more successfully.

The theatrical, journalistic and literary worlds of contemporary America are fully, if not systematically, displayed, and Miss Ferber's exhaustive account of her own career as an author may serve as an instructive picture of others of her kind and time. Should her novels fail to survive in the way she hopes—though she is never immodest about them—it certainly will not be because she surrendered to the clamour for topical propaganda. She has a firm grasp of the truth that what keeps books alive is never a "purpose," whatever incidental purposes artists, as men, may have. Squeers has gone, but "Nicholas Nickleby" lives on more enduring elements than a desire to reform abuses, now cleared away, in private schools.

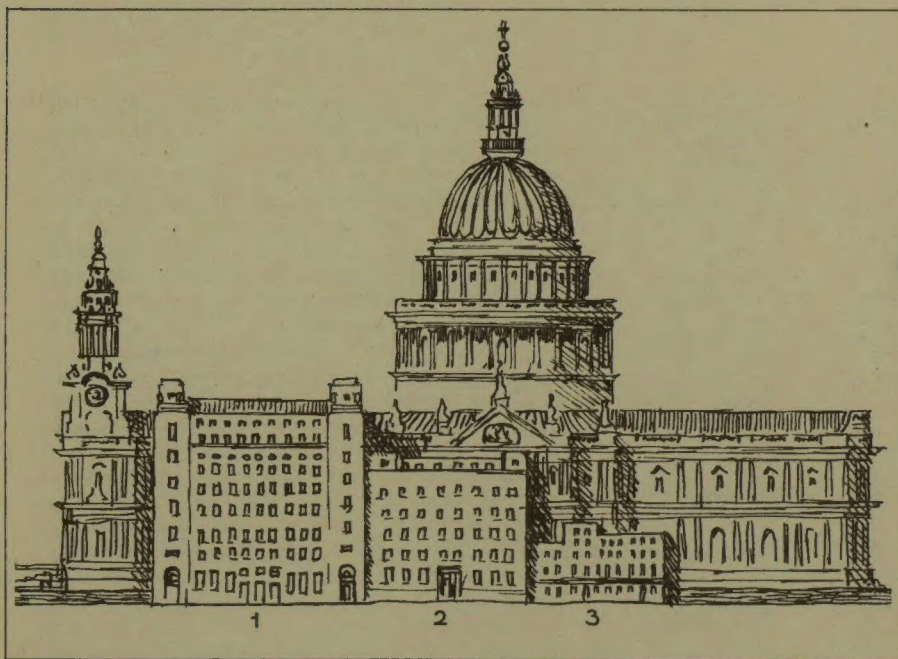
* "A Peculiar Treasure," By Edna Ferber. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.)

VANISHING OLD HOUSES NEAR ST. PAUL'S: NELSON AND DICKENS HAUNTS.

DRAWINGS BY DENNIS FLANDERS.

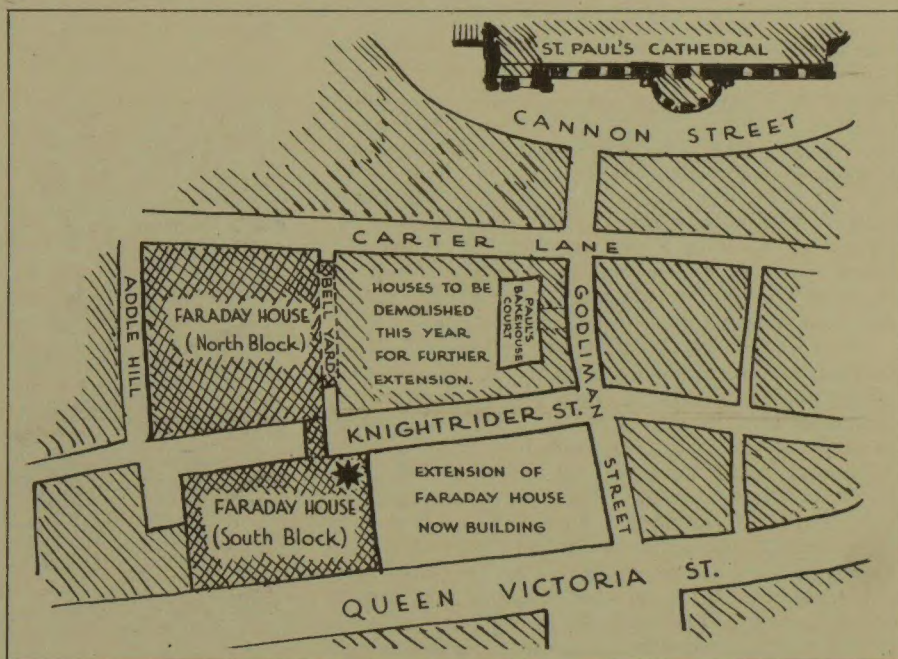


WREN'S CONCEPTION OF ST PAUL'S AS TOWERING OVER LONDON OBSCURED BY THE GROWTH OF HIGH BUILDINGS (NOW SUBJECT TO LIMITATIONS): A VIEW SHOWING (CENTRE) A BLOCK OF OLD HOUSES (INCLUDING ROOMS USED BY NELSON AND DICKENS) DOOMED TO DEMOLITION THIS YEAR FOR EXTENSIONS TO FARADAY HOUSE.



RELATIVE HEIGHTS OF VARIOUS BUILDINGS NEAR ST. PAUL'S: A DIAGRAM REPRESENTING (1) FARADAY HOUSE (SOUTH BLOCK), OVER 140 FT. HIGH; (2) A NEW EXTENSION, LIMITED TO ABOUT 80 FT.; (3) GENERAL HEIGHT (ABOUT 40 FT.) OF LONDON BUILDINGS ENVISAGED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Wren's great conception of London, when he built St. Paul's to dominate a wide view broken only by its satellites, the churches, has in recent years been marred by the growth of lofty buildings, notably Faraday House, the new headquarters of "London Telecommunications." Its ten-storeyed south block (140 ft.) is the highest structure near the Cathedral, but since its erection the City of London (St. Paul's Preservation) Act, 1935, by limiting the depth of adjacent foundations, has thus also restricted the height of new buildings in the vicinity. Far away, however, is the London that was painted by Canaletto and inspired Wordsworth, looking towards St. Paul's from Westminster Bridge, to write: "Earth has not anything to show more fair." The large drawing above shows (extreme left) part of the original north block of Faraday House, and (right foreground) steelwork of the south extension,



WITH A STAR MARKING THE ARTIST'S POSITION (ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR OF FARADAY HOUSE—SOUTH BLOCK) FROM WHICH HE MADE THE LARGE DRAWING ABOVE: A DIAGRAM-MATIC MAP SHOWING THE AREA REPRESENTED, INCLUDING EXTENSIONS IN PROGRESS OR TO BEGIN SHORTLY.

doubtless considerably higher by the time this page appears. Further extensions are projected, and in six months probably the whole block of beautiful eighteenth-century houses (centre foreground) will have been demolished. This block, originally part of Doctors' Commons, includes a little courtyard known as Paul's Bakehouse Court. In it is a room once used by the Admiralty, and Nelson is said to have worked there. There is also a room used by Charles Dickens when he was a reporter. The house in the left-hand corner has a beautiful Adam drawing-room with a ceiling piece painted by Angelica Kaufmann. The centre house in the row (fourth from left) is a registry office for Marriage Licences. The group of houses beyond it (to the right) is of unique interest as being post-Great-Fire buildings with half-timber work on the ground floor.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

MELODRAMA AND DRAMA.

FOR several reasons, the new Pommer-Laughton production, "Jamaica Inn," an adaptation of Miss Daphne du Maurier's book about the bad men of Cornwall in the bad old days of piracy and wrecking, caused an unusual amount of anticipatory speculation. For one thing, the film is lifted from the pages of a popular "best-seller," whose subject held the promise of colourful screen drama, set as it is in a picturesque period on one of England's most "photogenic" coast-lines. Furthermore, the picture (presented at the Regal Cinema) has brought into collaboration two of the outstanding figures of the film-world—Mr. Charles Laughton and Mr. Alfred Hitchcock. Thirdly, the advent of a new and untried feminine "lead," in the person of the young Irish girl, Miss Maureen O'Hara, keyed up our curiosity and is in itself an important event. For there is room in the ranks of our film-stars for fresh faces and talent.

The major interest of those regular filmgoers who take their kinema seriously may well have been roused by the prospect of seeing the joint work of two such pillars of the British film industry as Mr. Laughton and Mr. Hitchcock, individualists both of them, whose well-defined and separate styles are always clearly impressed on their material. That they have pooled their powers in the making of "Jamaica Inn" there is abundant evidence; that each has made concessions in attuning their methods to the subject-matter is probable. The result is a picture remarkable in many ways, but falling to some extent between two stools. With an actor of lesser stature than Mr. Laughton's in the part of the wicked Squire Pengallan the picture would have belonged entirely to the school of robust melodrama of the more lurid kind. On the other hand, with less of the dark and stormy traffic round and about the sinister hostelry Mr. Laughton could have rounded off his rich study of the last of the Pengallans, who lived largely and died spectacularly, instead of flinging it into the turbulent tale in splendid, if isolated, patches. Plot and psychology run a ding-dong race, in which Mr. Laughton, with Miss O'Hara a close second, finally carries off the laurels. For these two players succeed in evoking our interest in themselves, in their personal preoccupations, virtues, vices, fears and desires, whereas the brawling crew of cut-throats, however effective *en masse*, are so many pawns in a violent game played at top speed to the accompaniment of loud-mouthed wrangles, the tumult of wind and sea, and the beat of the breakers on the treacherous rocks. From the sombre and crowded canvas of wrecking and roystering, Miss Marie Ney and Mr. Leslie Banks, as Patience and Joss Merlyn, occasionally stand out—she to establish swiftly the vision of a pale, subdued and terrified woman, strangely devoted to her brutal husband, and he, the innkeeper and "gang-leader," to cut menacingly through the general hurly-burly set up by his rowdies. But even Miss Ney and Mr. Banks are more or less absorbed into the full-blooded melodrama of their section of the

man and the play's intrepid hero, Mr. Robert Newton), his rescue by the heroine, and their escape from Jamaica Inn—all this is rousing, melodramatic stuff, and is so handled by Mr. Hitchcock, with zest rather than subtlety, with fine effects of hurricane and lashing waves and excellent use of the austere Cornish exteriors.

Although Sir Humphrey Pengallan claims his full share of the wreckers' loot, and is, in fact, the "brains behind the gang" he remains aloof from their doings, as becomes a great gentleman, at any rate, long enough to

of her destination. And thus it comes about that Mary goes to the Manor for aid, and pokes her pretty head into two hornets'-nests. Miss O'Hara goes through her trials and tribulations with spirit, bewildered yet not unduly perturbed. She is very young and grave, with a soft voice and eloquent, dark eyes. She has a natural poise, and a lovely gift of stillness which, allied to her beauty, commands attention all the time. She creates an impression of reserves of strength, that give a delicate vigour to her slender figure. Here, undoubtedly, is a star of the future whose auspicious début in "Jamaica Inn" is one of the assets of a picture that is, despite its kinship to "A House Divided," an enjoyable experience.

Though "Dark Victory," a First National picture, at the Warner Theatre, fortifies its argument with a love-story touched with beauty and with tenderness, its main issue is the triumph of the spirit over the flesh. Here is an emotional drama that gives pride of place to the psychological study of a girl, happy, high-spirited and enjoying to the full all the luxuries of life, who is suddenly confronted with the sure knowledge of an early death. The theme is not unfamiliar. A year to live—six months to live—and what the man or woman under sentence of death will do with their curtailed span of life is a problem that has inspired the pen of playwrights and novelists at regular intervals. "Dark Victory," adapted from a stage-play, finds a fresh approach to its subject. The girl is an heiress, leader of a set of bright young people whose relaxations range from the racecourse to the cocktail-bar. She cannot admit any physical weakness. When she is forced to undergo an operation on the brain that, apparently, saves her life, she returns from convalescence to join once more in the old gay round, deeply in love with her doctor and with no suspicion of any barrier to their romance. She stumbles on to the carefully guarded secret, turns against the devoted doctor, and tries to stifle her dread by a period of wild living. Admitting her failure, she finds in the brief idyll of happy marriage with the doctor, the courage to "meet the end beautifully."

"Dark Victory" is a serious picture, not afraid of probing human emotions, nor of carrying its argument to its logical conclusion. It is intimately concerned with quite simple human reactions to life and death, fear and love. But, directed with insight by Mr. Edmund Goulding, its tragedy is neither sombre nor depressing, and its story is extraordinarily gripping. Miss Bette Davis's portrayal of the doomed heroine is brilliant. Every detail of her performance rings true and the proud, defiant, and finally tragic young creature she creates claims our sympathy throughout. The surface glitter of her pathetic bravado is balanced by her own fundamental honesty and by the fine restraint of Mr. George Brent's sympathetic treatment of the young brain-specialist's sterling character. There is, too,



THE NEW AND HITHERTO UNKNOWN STAR OF "JAMAICA INN," WHICH COMMENCED ITS RUN AT THE REGAL ON MAY 12: MAUREEN O'HARA WHO PLAYS THE PART OF THE HEROINE, MARY YELLAN. "Jamaica Inn," based on the novel by Daphne du Maurier, is an action film directed by Hitchcock and produced by Pommer. Mary Yellan (Maureen O'Hara) is the pretty young girl who becomes entangled with a gang of Cornish wreckers operating from the sinister Jamaica Inn. She appeals to the local J.P. (Charles Laughton); but he is the ringleader of the gang, and abducts her. She is rescued, however, in the nick of time. The film is reviewed on this page.



THE STAR OF "DARK VICTORY," AT THE WARNER THEATRE: BETTE DAVIS, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF JUDITH TRAHERNE, A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD HEIRESS SUFFERING FROM AN INCURABLE DISEASE.

"Dark Victory" (reviewed on this page) deals with a young heiress, Judith Traherne, who, without knowing it, has only ten months to live. She falls in love with her doctor (George Brent), who marries her. Judith learns the truth; and in her anger at the concealment, leaves her husband and embarks on a gay life. Soon, however, she realises the unsuitability of this course, returns to her husband, and calmly awaits the end.

picture. The luring of doomed vessels to destruction beneath the beetling cliffs, night made hideous by the butchering of helpless sailors, the attempted hanging of a traitor amongst the wreckers (actually a Government

allow Mr. Charles Laughton to sketch a full-length portrait of a jovial squire whose inherited streak of madness is masked by his *bonhomie*. Mr. Laughton has no time for subtleties, either, but he is grandiose. Entertaining magnificently, bawling for his retainers, a connoisseur of wine and women and horse-flesh, Sir Humphrey, as Mr. Laughton presents him, is arrogant, courtly and crafty. He may be, and is, deliberately, the villain of melodrama with a "once-aboard-the-lugger" look about him when he meets with beauty in distress, yet his sense of period and of character lend reality to a flamboyant performance.

Linking the urbanity at the Manor to the vehemence down at the Inn comes Miss Maureen O'Hara. She

arrives by stage-coach, demurely garbed in black, for she is the recently orphaned Mary Yellan, seeking the hospitality of her Aunt Patience. She is unceremoniously dumped on the lonely moor road, box and all, at the mere mention



"THE LITTLE PRINCESS," WHICH COMMENCED ITS RUN AT THE NEW GALLERY ON MAY 12: A SCENE FROM SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S FIRST FULL-LENGTH TECHNICOLOR PICTURE.

Sara Crewe (Shirley Temple) cannot believe her father has been killed in the Boer War. Fortunately, however, as depicted in the above scene, she encounters a little old lady (Beryl Mercer) who turns out to be Queen Victoria. Through her she finds her father—but he has lost his memory and is about to leave for Edinburgh for an operation. The sight of Sara restores her father's memory, and all ends happily.

a warm and sincere piece of acting by Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, who slips her portrait of the heroine's devoted secretary as gently and as firmly into place as she did her lovely, poignant Isabella in "Wuthering Heights."

**M. BLANCHE—HIS ART AND HIS COLLECTION EXHIBITED :
A RETROSPECTIVE SURVEY AND 19TH-CENTURY FRENCH PAINTINGS.**



"ELEPHANT RIDE AT THE ZOO"; BY JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE
(B. 1861).



"ARGENTEUIL, 1874"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926).



"A VISIT TO VELASQUEZ' STUDIO"; BY EDOUARD
MANET (1832-1883).



"JEUNE FEMME TRICOTANT"; BY AUGUSTE
RENOIR (1841-1919) (PASTEL).



"MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST, 1889"; BY JACQUES-EMILE
BLANCHE.



"VIRGINIA WOOLF, 1927"; BY JACQUES-EMILE
BLANCHE.



"PORTRAIT OF CHARLES CONDER, 1904"; BY JACQUES-
EMILE BLANCHE.



"SOUVENIR DE D. H. LAWRENCE"; BY JACQUES-
EMILE BLANCHE.

A retrospective exhibition of the work of M. Jacques-Emile Blanche, together with a certain number of pictures from his private collection of nineteenth-century art, is now being held at the Leicester Galleries and will continue until June 3. M. Blanche, painter, novelist, essayist and art critic, was born in 1861. He is

a member of the Institut de France and has pictures in many important English collections, including a portrait of Aubrey Beardsley in the National Portrait Gallery, and of Thomas Hardy in the Tate Gallery. The works from his collection of nineteenth-century French paintings are shown together for the first time.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE BATS OF OUR COUNTRYSIDE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A FEW days ago, a poor little long-eared bat was brought to me, with one wing broken at the wrist-joint, and it had apparently been killed by the shock. It was, I fear, one of two pairs which have found comfortable quarters under the roof of my house, affording me much pleasure on fine evenings by watching their marvellous powers of flight. Bats, indeed, of all kinds, have always fascinated me, partly on account of their varied habits, and partly because of the profound structural modification of their fore-limbs and their marvellous powers of flight; though they also show many other very striking structural peculiarities.

Insects of innumerable kinds, fishes, reptiles, birds, and bats have all evolved the power of flight, each after its own fashion. But on this occasion I must confine myself to that of the bats, wherein the fore-limb, by some mysterious transformation of the hand, has become changed into a wing. I say "mysteriously," because, so far, no one has been able to offer any explanation as to the way in which this has come about. For what answer to, say, the toes of a dog, or the fingers of the human hand, have here been, so to speak, cleft right up to the wrist-joint, so that there is no "palm" to the hand. What were the "incipient" stages in this wing "in the making"? No one has yet been able to offer any suggestion. Other changes in the limb have accompanied this process, but they would lead me too far from my present theme if I attempted to explore this puzzle further. On another occasion I propose to return to this subject, comparing the bat's wing with that of the bird, and that very ancient and long-since extinct "air-man," the flying dragon, or pterodactyl. A few words, however, must be said about the eyes, and the ears, and the teeth of bats. As to the eyes, these, in all the insect-eating members of the tribe, are astonishingly small, looking like little black beads amid the fur of the face. This is surprising, for beasts and birds which hunt for their food after sunset have conspicuously large eyes. The bat, however, hunts at twilight—very occasionally at midday—and there may be some quality in twilight which we have not yet discovered. Finally, the bat's eyes are always black. The golden eyes of the eagle-owl, or the flaming crimson of the great-crested grebe, are never seen here. But it is worth noting that the eyes of the barn-owl and the brown-owl are also black, and these birds hunt at night.

The ears present many most surprising features, for not only do they display a very conspicuous range in the matter of their size, but also in their shape. One common feature is the development of a membranous fold within the "shell" of the ear, known as the "anti-tragus," which answers to the lobe in the front of the ear-aperture in the human ear. Its precise function is unknown. The teeth, in the insect-eating bats, are also characteristic, and they are intimately associated with a curious gap in the very front of the palate, of varying size in the different species. The teeth of the fruit-eating bats are very different, and there is no gap in the fore-part of the palate.

So far, nothing has been said here of the wing-membrane which runs down the side of the body to the tip of the tail in all but a few species, which have the tail free. As a result of these attachments, when the arm and hand are stretched out, they spread a great sheet of very delicate, and sensitive skin to complete the flying apparatus. In some bats, as in the pipistrelle, the fold of skin stretched between the hind-leg and the tail is put

to a strange use. For when, during flight, the tail is turned up towards the belly, it forms a pocket, and into this the little animal thrusts beetles too large to be swallowed at a mouthful, and, turning its head into the pouch, munches up its prey, as shown in

(Fig. 1). should bear me out. The enormous size of the ears is at once evident, for they are as long as the body is wide, and have corrugated inner surfaces. The "anti-tragus," to which I have referred, can be seen as a long, narrow "scoop" lying within the "tragus" or outer ear. When this little animal is asleep, hanging by the claws of its hind-feet, head-downwards, the large outer ear is folded and held close to the body under the arms, leaving the "anti-tragus" projecting beyond the fur, and looking like two small ears. I wonder what physiological changes this little creature has undergone to enable it to sleep, as it always seems to do, hanging head-downwards!

Another, and very singular and puzzling feature of a large number of species of bats is seen in the development of leaf-like folds of skin around the nose, and sometimes extending so as to include the whole face. Among our native species, it is not found in the long-eared, the pipistrelle, or the noctule; but these folds form very conspicuous "ornaments" to the face in the greater and lesser horseshoe-bats (Fig. 3). Herein the nose is surrounded by a fold resembling an inverted horseshoe, with another, javelin-shaped fold, bearing two scrolls, standing up behind it and between the ears. In the flower-nosed bat of the Solomon Islands—another of the horseshoe tribe—these outgrowths present the form of a great rosette, covering the whole head above the mouth. Above its upper border, and between the eyes, it is surmounted by three balls on stalks, which are seen against a membranous background! But the most complex of all is seen in Blainville's bat, which I figured on this page some years ago. No one has yet discovered the function of these nasal appendages. Perchance they are purely "ornamental." The fact that in all our native bats, except the two "horseshoes," they are wanting, seems to bear out this interpretation.

The pipistrelle, the noctule, and the long-eared are the commonest and most generally distributed of our native bats. The noctule, a reddish-furred species, is by far the largest, and may always be recognised from the fact that its evening flight is made at a great height and at great speed. This is probably attained by the form of the wings, since they are long and narrow, recalling those of the swift. But all the bats display a greater skill on the wing than any bird, inasmuch as they can turn and twist, now here, now there, with incredible speed. Even when flying amid trees their wings never touch

even a leaf. This feat is the more remarkable, surely, because of the singularly small eye. It has been suggested that these acrobatic feats are rendered possible because the wing-membranes afford a very delicate sensitivity, enabling them to detect the presence of even the smallest obstacles in their path, and even when flying at night.

As touching the teeth, and the notch in the front of the palate, to which I have referred, not much can be said here. Let it suffice to say that it is a very curious and puzzling feature. In the noctule bat (Fig. 2), It is conspicuously deep and wide, while the opposing teeth of the lower jaw are extremely small. In the long-eared bat, on the other hand, the upper incisors are relatively much larger, and the innermost is deeply notched—a very unusual feature. By way of contrast with the noctule, the lower incisors are relatively larger and have a serrated cutting-edge. These are not merely "curious differences," they are in some way related to the nature of the food of the two animals.



1. A SPECIES REMARKABLE FOR THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THE EARS AND FOR THE GREAT SIZE OF THE "ANTI-TRAGUS" LYING WITHIN THE OUTER EAR: THE LONG-EARED BAT (*PLECOTUS AURITUS*), SHOWING THE LONG AND SLENDER THUMB PROJECTING FROM THE WRIST-JOINT (ON LEFT), WHICH, LIKE THE TOES, IS ARMED WITH A CLAW.

the drawing of the little pipistrelle (Fig. 4).

Of the twelve species on our list of British bats, the long-eared, to which I have already referred, is one of the most interesting. A glance at the accompanying photograph



2. THE PALATE, IN THE BATS, IS NOTCHED IN FRONT, AND IN SOME SPECIES, AS IN THE NOCTULE-BAT SHOWN HERE, THIS NOTCH IS OF GREAT SIZE.



3. THE HEAD OF A HORSESHOE-BAT (*Rhinolophus*), SHOWING THE ELABORATE CONFORMATION OF BARE SKIN, THE FUNCTION OF WHICH IS UNKNOWN—THE GREATER AND LESSER HORSESHOE-BATS ARE THE ONLY BRITISH SPECIES OF "LEAF-NOSED" BATS.



4. FEEDING WHILE IN FLIGHT FROM A POUCH FORMED BY THE INTER-FEMORAL MEMBRANE: THE PIPISTRELLE (*PIPISTRELLUS*), OR FLITTER-MOUSE, WHICH HAS A UNIQUE METHOD OF TACKLING PREY THAT CANNOT BE EATEN AT ONCE. The Pipistrelle seizes its prey in the jaws and if it is too large to be eaten at once, places it in a pouch formed by a membrane between the legs and tail. It then bends its head into the pouch and feeds while in flight.

THE TWENTY MONTHS' CRUISE OF THE "DISCOVERY II." : REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN ANTARCTIC WATERS.



THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP "DISCOVERY II." OFF THE GREAT ICE BARRIER: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FORMATION OF ICE-CRYSTALS AS THE SEA WAS ACTUALLY FREEZING, AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, A HUGE ICEBERG WITH PRECIPITOUS SIDES.



SHOWING THE SEVERE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH RESEARCH WORK WAS CARRIED ON ABOARD "DISCOVERY II.": A MEMBER OF THE CREW KNOCKING ICE OFF THE RIGGING.



AN OUTPOST OF THE ANTARCTIC WREATHED WITH CLOUDS AND SHROUDED IN SNOW: BOUVET ISLAND, SHOWING THE NORTH-WEST COAST, AS IT APPEARS WHEN VIEWED FROM THE SEA.



ONE OF THE CHIEF DANGERS ENCOUNTERED BY SHIPPING IN ANTARCTIC WATERS: A MORAINIC BERG OFF BOUVET ISLAND; THE DÉBRIS OF ROCK AND STONE FORMING THE CENTRAL CORE OF A MASS OF ICE.



THE COURTSHIP OF ROYAL ALBATROSSES (*DIOMEDEA REGIA*): A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON CAMPBELL ISLAND, A DEPENDENCY OF NEW ZEALAND, WHICH FORMS ONE OF THE CHIEF BREEDING GROUNDS FOR THIS SPECIES.

The Royal Research ship "Discovery II." which left London in October 1937, returned on May 9, thus completing her fifth commission in Antarctic and sub-Antarctic waters. The main purpose of this voyage, which covered about 100,000 miles, was the study of the natural history of the great whales of the Southern Ocean, and an examination of the factors in their environment which control their distribution and movements. A special ice-edge programme was devised to enable a thorough study to be made of "krill," the small shrimp-like animal on which the majority of whales feed. A circumpolar cruise occupied six months, and while

the ship was working a zigzag course east along the ice in each sector, observations were supplemented by a special series of nets which were towed astern three times a day, the purpose being to obtain information as to the movement of water-masses, distribution of the various nutrient salts and a comprehensive picture of the small animal life of the sea. At one stage a severe blizzard was encountered which lasted for twelve hours, rendering magnetic compasses sluggish and sometimes entirely useless. The photographs on this page were taken during the voyage. (Colonial Office Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.)

NEOLITHIC ANCIENT BRITONS: RACIAL TYPES PORTRAYED FROM SKULLS.

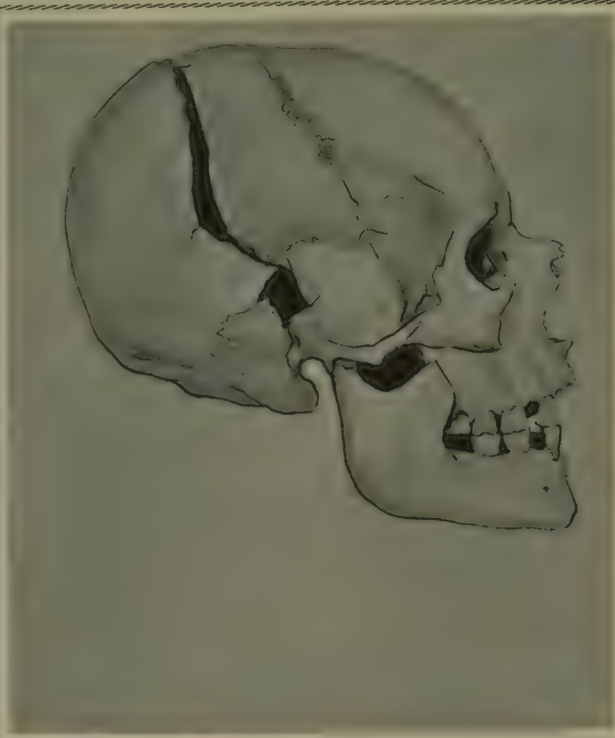
RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS AND DESCRIPTION BY MISS DORIS EMERSON CHAPMAN, F.R.A.I., MORVEN INSTITUTE OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH, AVEBURY. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



1. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING FROM A NEOLITHIC SKULL (FIG. 2) FOUND IN THE LONG BARROW AT LANHILL: A MAN AGED ABOUT SIXTY TO SEVENTY.

DESCRIBING her drawings on this and the opposite page, Miss D. E. Chapman writes: "These reconstructions represent the facial appearance of certain types of man inhabiting Britain during prehistoric times. It is in no way claimed that they are in any sense portraits of the individuals from whose skulls they have been built up, since the tip of the nose, size of ear, line of hair growth, relative fatness or thinness, lines worn by habitual expression or experience, and so on, must for ever be left to the imagination. It can definitely be stated, however, that they do show the type and general character of the race to which these people belonged. Since we have no knowledge concerning the modes of wearing the hair or beard in such remote times, the heads have been depicted fairly close-cropped and clean-shaven, the better to show their form. The drawings, with the skulls, have been examined by an anatomist and a dentist and have been accepted as accurate representations. The first four reconstructions (Figs. 1, 3, 5, and 7) were drawn from

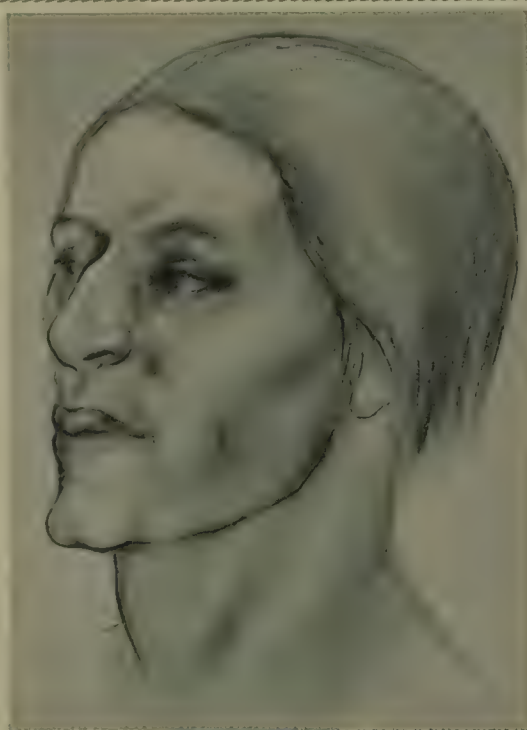
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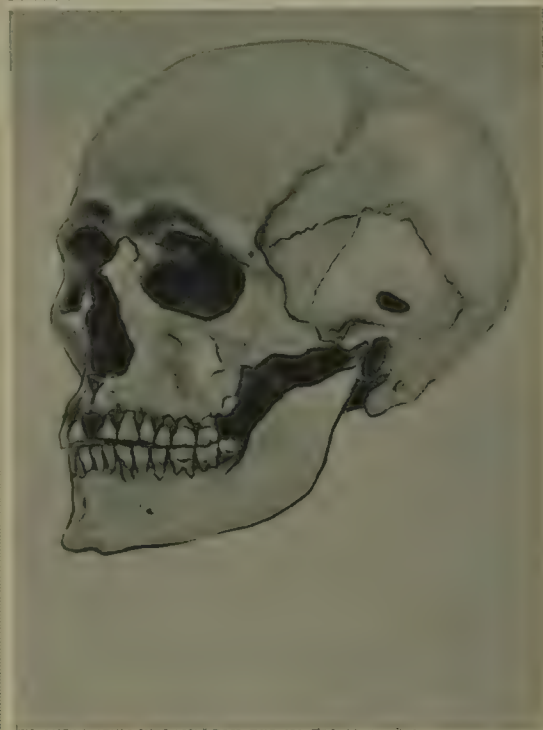
2. A SKULL OF A NEOLITHIC MAN, AGED ABOUT SIXTY TO SEVENTY, FOUND IN THE LONG BARROW AT LANHILL. (SEE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING IN FIG. 1).

skulls (Figs. 2, 4, 6, and 8) belonging to skeletons found in the untouched Neolithic burial chamber of Lanhill Long Barrow, Wiltshire, discovered by Mr. A. D. Passmore and excavated by him, Mr. Alexander Keiller, and the Morven Institute of Archaeological Research in the autumn of 1936." Miss Chapman then goes on to point out that: "these skulls are of particular interest, since their unusually pronounced features and striking similarity appear to support the theory held by some archaeologists that these burial chambers were used as family vaults. The facial

(Continued opposite.

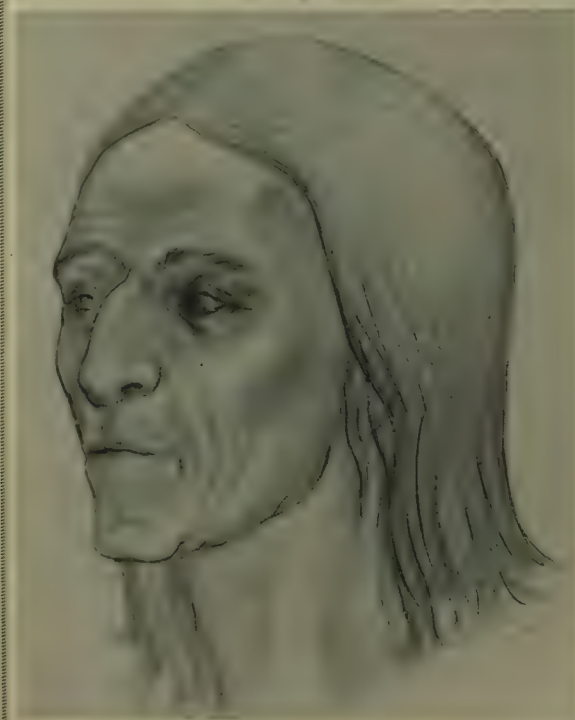


3. AND 4. A NEOLITHIC MAN OF THIRTY-FIVE TO FORTY, FROM THE LONG BARROW AT LANHILL: THE SKULL (WELL-PROPORTIONED AND WELL-DEVELOPED), IN WHICH THE UPPER THIRD MOLARS, OR WISDOM TEETH, FAILED TO ERUPT; AND (LEFT) THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BASED ON THE SKULL.



characteristics may represent a North Wiltshire type or tribe, however, since they bear a curious likeness in certain respects to the skull found by Thurnam in the West Kennet Long Barrow. The majority of Neolithic skulls are, like these, long-headed, but the aquiline features found at Lanhill do not appear characteristic of the race as a whole. The culture of Neolithic or New Stone Age man, whose origin is as yet uncertain, succeeded the Mesolithic in Britain about 2500 B.C., and continued until the coming of the "Beaker" Man about 1800 B.C. Neolithic man was small and slight, hyperdolichocephalic, and appears to

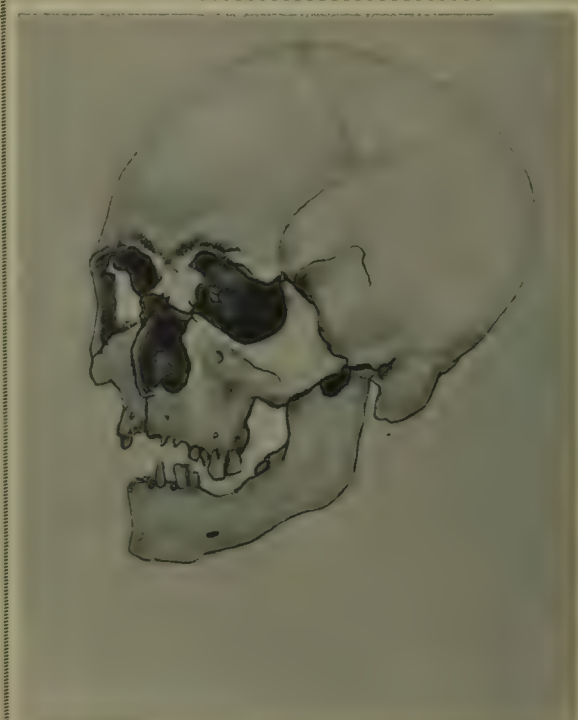
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5. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING FROM A NEOLITHIC SKULL (FIG. 6) FOUND AT LANHILL: AN AGED WOMAN BETWEEN SEVENTY AND EIGHTY WHO HAD LOST MANY OF HER TEETH LONG BEFORE DEATH.

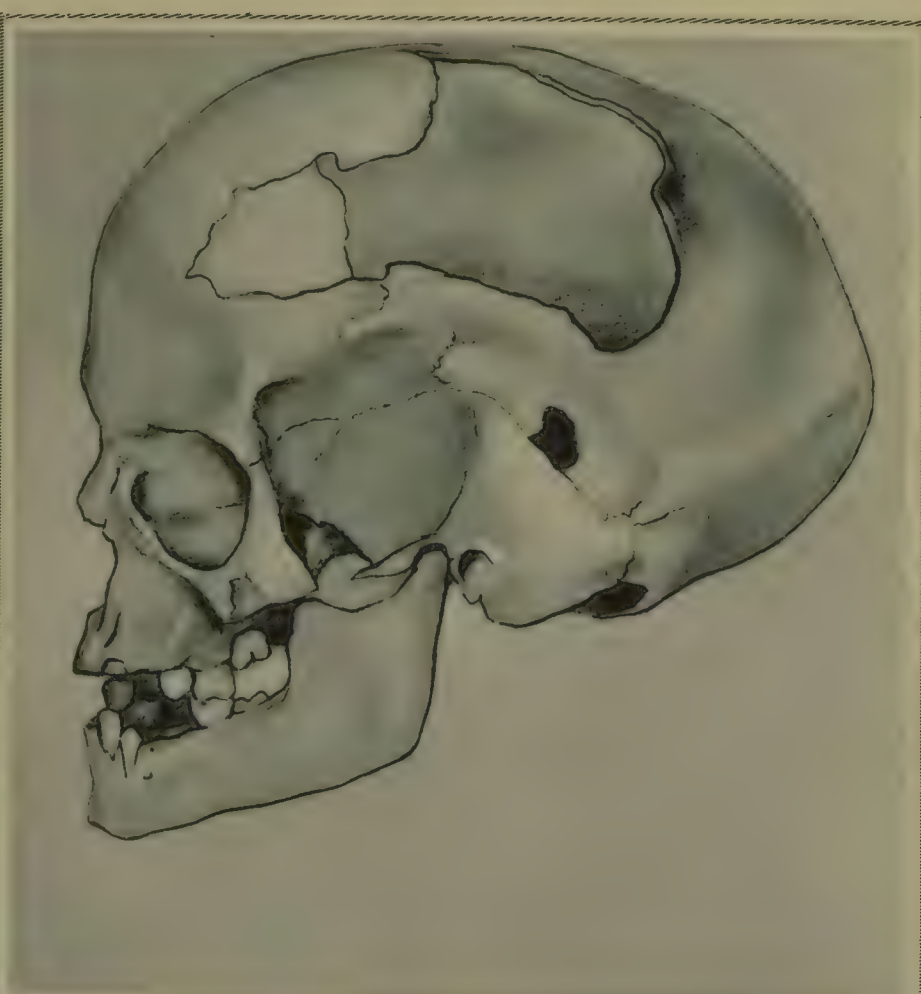
have spent his days in peaceful agricultural and pastoral occupations." Regarding some of the subjects, Miss Chapman also supplies the following notes: "(Figs. 3 and 4.) This man had suffered from osteomyelitis of the right arm. A flint flake, possibly an arrow-head, was found underneath the right scapula, so this disease may have been caused by the implement remaining lodged in the shoulder for some years during life, probably since an early age.—(Figs. 9 and 10.) One of an interesting series of secondary interments excavated at Wor Barrow, Handley Down, Dorset, by General Pitt Rivers ('Excavations in Cranbourne Chase') and attributed by him, by reason of associated finds, to the Romano-British period. The series consisted of seventeen skeletons, of which eight were decapitated, six heads being altogether missing. The General thought the barrow had been used as an execution ground, and appearances suggest that most of these individuals were criminals. It has been considered recently, however, that they may be of Saxon date, since similar execution grounds of that period have been found. The skeletons bear little resemblance to the usual Saxon type, but that they may have belonged to people of Romano-British extraction executed by Saxons cannot be entirely overlooked.—(Figs. 11 and 12.) This reconstruction is from the skull of a Bronze Age woman, aged about forty, found in a cist barrow on Middleton Moor, near Arbor

(Continued opposite centre.



6. WITH MANY TEETH MISSING: THE SKULL OF A NEOLITHIC WOMAN, AGED BETWEEN SEVENTY AND EIGHTY, (FOUND IN THE LONG BARROW AT LANHILL) ON WHICH WAS BASED THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING IN FIG. 5.

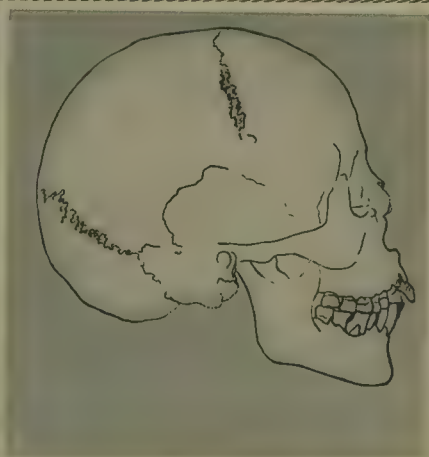
OUR DISTANT FOREBEARS: NEOLITHIC; BRONZE AGE; ROMAN-BRITISH.



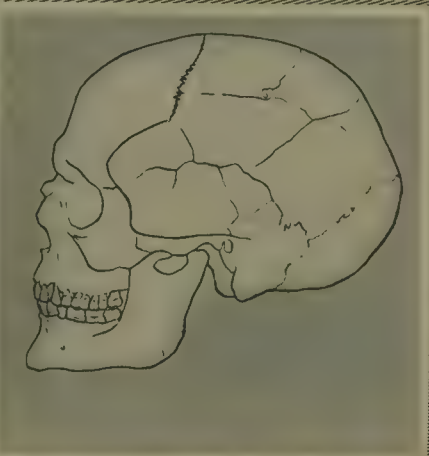
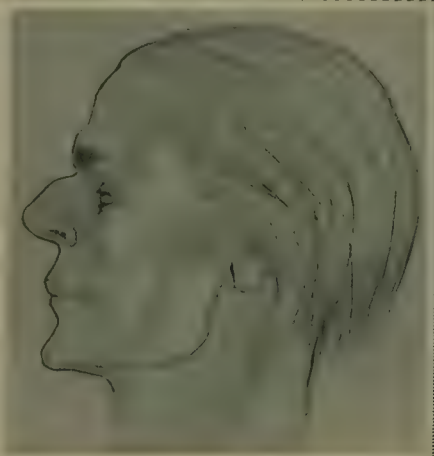
7 AND 8. DISCOVERED ALONG WITH THE SKULLS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, IN THE LONG BARROW AT LANHILL, WILTSHIRE, BELIEVED, FROM THE LIKENESS BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS, TO HAVE BEEN A FAMILY VAULT: THE SKULL OF A CHILD AGED TEN OR ELEVEN, OF THE NEOLITHIC PERIOD, WITH A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BASED UPON IT.

Lowe, Derbyshire, and illustrated in 'Crania Britannica.' The round head, high cheek-bones and heavy jaw are characteristic of that race. With the skeleton lay the bones of a child, an ox-tooth and a jet necklace. The Beaker people, whose immigration from the Continent coincided in the South (but not throughout Britain) with the introduction of bronze, and the subsequent bronze-using people, were taller and heavier than the Neolithic type and were brachycephalic.—(Figs. 13 and 14.) The lithograph from which this reconstruction was drawn ('Crania Britannica,' by A. B. Davis and J. Thurnam) is of an extremely interesting skull from the West

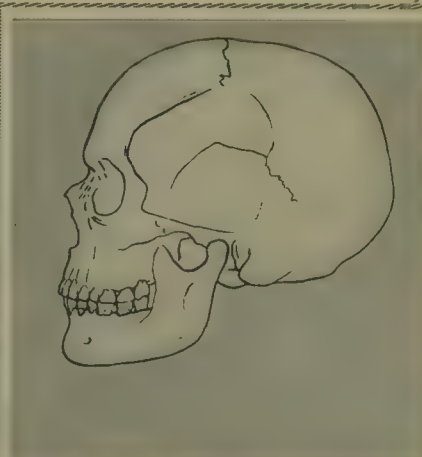
Kennet Chambered Long Barrow, near Avebury, Wiltshire. Five contracted adult male skeletons, the skulls of two fractured apparently before death, the skeleton of a child, and animal bones, were found in a chamber 8 ft. by 9 ft., and nearly 8 ft. in height.—(Figs. 15 and 16.) This skull is typical of the Bronze Age. The skeleton was found lying north to south on its left side in an oval grave beneath the round Barrow No. 20, Susan Gibb's Walk, Rushmore Park, Wiltshire. The skeleton is that of a young man about 5 ft. 6 in. in height with unusually short arms, and perfect teeth. A beaker of the Bronze Age 'B type' lay at the feet."



9 AND 10. POSSIBLY AN EXECUTED CRIMINAL: ONE OF SEVENTEEN OF WHICH EIGHT WERE FOUND DECAPITATED, AT WOR BARROW, DORSET, EITHER LATE ROMAN-BRITISH OR EARLY SAXON—THE SKULL AND A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



13 AND 14. FROM THE NEOLITHIC WEST KENNET CHAMBERED LONG BARROW, NEAR AVEBURY, WILTSHIRE: THE SKULL OF A MAN OF ABOUT 35, SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THOSE FROM THE LANHILL LONG BARROW; AND A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



11 AND 12. A BRONZE-AGE TYPE TALLER AND HEAVIER THAN THE PRECEDING NEOLITHIC FOLK: A WOMAN OF ABOUT FORTY, FROM A ROUND BARROW CIST BURIAL, AT MIDDLETON MOOR, DERBYSHIRE—SKULL AND RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



15 AND 16. FOUND IN A ROUND BARROW AT RUSHMORE PARK, WILTSHIRE, AND IN EVERY WAY TYPICAL OF THE BRONZE AGE: THE HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN, WITH PERFECT TEETH—SKULL AND RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

SINCE Tutankhamen was discovered in all his glory, and the palace of Minos yielded up its secrets, no greater work has been accomplished in archaeology this century than that pursued over a span of years by an Anglo-American expedition under Sir Leonard Woolley, at Ur of the Chaldees, the city of Abraham. Among the revelations there it will suffice to recall the tombs of kings who could boast of their dynasty as literally "dating from the Flood—blue blood! blue blood!" Actual traces of the Deluge were found in the lowest strata. There was also dramatic evidence illustrating that pleasant custom of burying with a king a whole retinue of his bodyguards and Court ladies, it is hoped after the administration of a lethal anaesthetic. Various stages of these discoveries, our readers will remember, have been recorded from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*.

Now comes a new instalment of the monumental work in which the wonders of ancient Ur are recorded. It is one of the publications of the Joint Expedition to Mesopotamia organised by the British Museum and the Pennsylvania University Museum at Philadelphia, and bears the following title—"UR EXCAVATIONS. VOLUME V. THE ZIGGURAT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS." By Sir Leonard Woolley, D.Litt., LL.D. With 88 Plates. (Published for the Trustees of the two Museums by aid of a grant made by the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Price £3 12s. 6d.) This large folio volume was printed at the Oxford University Press. In Great Britain it can be obtained from that Press or from the Cambridge University Press, the British Museum, H.M. Stationery Office, Messrs. Bernard Quaritch, or Messrs. Kegan Paul. In the United States it is sold at the Pennsylvania University Museum. The printing and production are all that could be desired, and the excellent photographs, numbering about 120 (as there are two on practically all the first 63 plates), together with the 25 large folding plans and reconstruction drawings, illustrate every phase of the great structure and enable the reader to visualise both its general aspect in antiquity and the surviving ruins. The book is a magnificent example of archaeological literature on the grand scale.

In his Introduction Sir Leonard Woolley mentions some interesting facts about the origin of research on this famous site, and goes on to show that the Ziggurat discoveries have thrown entirely new light on the formation of such monuments. Obviously, this volume is intended for the expert archaeologist rather than for the general reader, who might begin by asking what a ziggurat was, for what purposes it was used, and what were the dates of the various periods mentioned—1st and 3rd Dynasties, Larsa, Kassite, and Neo-Babylonian. To an expert, of course, all that is elementary, and, moreover, knowledge of the information given in the four previous volumes on Ur is doubtless assumed.

Even the most "general" of readers, however, will find his needs supplied. Thus, a very illuminating passage enabling him to appreciate the purpose and significance of the Ziggurat occurs in the eleventh chapter. After a discussion as to the position of certain trees, we read: "The idea that the sacred grove was on the Ziggurat itself is quite in keeping with the character of that monument. Essentially the Ziggurat is a 'High Place,' and its function is to exalt the little shrine of Nannar, which was the most holy in the city; there was kept the statue which every year was brought down and taken to its summer palace for the mystic marriage whereon depended the fertility of the land and the produce of the seasons. In a land such as

Southern Mesopotamia, subject to annual inundations, any building, important and intended to endure, had to be raised above the reach of the waters, . . . but the idea of the building is the High Place. And the gods thus honoured were mountain gods; they are portrayed standing or seated on rocky heights,



A VIVID AND CONVINCING PORTRAIT OF A ROMAN LADY, FROM THE FAYUM: ONE OF THE GREAT BEQUEST OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES MADE TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY THE LATE SIR ROBERT MOND.

By the Mond bequest the British Museum has received the biggest and most important collection of Egyptian antiquities of all periods that has come to it for at least fifty years. The bequest contains 260 objects. The portrait of the Roman lady is quite startling in its modernity—partly, no doubt, because of the "permanent wave" effect of the hair. The very fine black *ushabti* figure of the official Sinury, is remarkable for the realism with which the costume, and particularly the sandals, are reproduced. (Reproductions by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)



A STEATITE *USHABTI* FIGURE OF AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL OF THE SIXTH DYNASTY DRESSED IN THE FASHION OF THE DAY, AND REPRESENTED CLASPING THE SOUL BIRD TO HIS BREAST: IN THE MOND BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (8½ IN. HIGH.)

planted with trees is but carrying the basic idea of them to its logical conclusion."

It is difficult, of course, to impart a great deal of human interest to a book such as this, seeing that little is known of a personal character regarding the people who used the Ziggurat. The interest of the volume is mainly architectural, but we do get occasionally some reference to the ambitions and rivalries of ancient potentates. Thus in the last chapter we read: "Nabonidus seems to have been the last to carry out repairs on the ancient Ziggurat. Nowhere did his work endure for very long, and in several buildings of his there seems to have been wilful destruction followed immediately by reconstruction, which can only be explained by the fact that Cyrus had a violent animus against his predecessor and did his best to obliterate the monuments of his reign." In the concluding paragraph of the book, it is stated: ". . . Ur enjoyed a certain prosperity into the fifth century B.C. and its temples must have continued in honour; but soon after that, not later, probably, than 400 B.C., they must have been violently overthrown and even their sites turned to base uses. Within another century, judging by what evidence we possess, the city of Ur was deserted by its inhabitants."

There is a good deal about Cyrus, among other incidental allusions to antiquity, in a book that is not primarily concerned with ancient history but with the exigencies and humours of modern travel in the East—namely, "THE WILD ASSES." A Journey Through Persia. By W. V. Emanuel. Illustrated (Cape; 12s. 6d.). The title is derived from that famous quatrain in Fitzgerald's "Omar," a *memento mori* to all conquerors and empire-builders:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

In his description of a visit to the tombs of Achæmenian Kings at Persepolis Mr. Emanuel recalls: "It was Cyrus, a petty princelet of one of these Aryan tribes dwelling in the province of Fars, who founded the Persian empire in the sixth century B.C., by defeating the King of the Medes. And thus Cyrus became king not only of 'the Medes and the Persians,' but of a dominion that subsequently stretched from the Indus to the Nile and the Ægean. . . . Alexander, returning in 324 B.C. from the great campaign of conquest which had brought Afghanistan, Turkestan, and

Northern India under his sway, visited the tomb of (Cyrus) the only man comparable to him of whom history had left a trace. . . . He found the tomb rifled and the body outraged, and 'these things caused Alexander to be sore moved, when he called to mind the uncertainty of life and the vicissitudes of things.' And with justice, for who knows where Alexander himself lies buried?"

Mr. Emanuel's book, facetiously dedicated "to the other Wild Asses," records the adventures of a mixed party of British and Austrian graduates—12 men and 10 women—travelling under the auspices of the National Union of Students and an associated body in Vienna. Starting from the Russian border, they were, he says, the first large party of Europeans, travelling for pleasure, to penetrate Iran and Afghanistan. The vicissitudes of travel and the personal side of the

expedition are racily and amusingly described, while there are also shrewd comments on political conditions, such as Iran's state of transition from ancient to modern, and German influence in Asia.

From the monuments of ancient Persian art the author draws a significant analogy between past and present autocracies. Describing the sculptures of Persepolis, he

(Continued on page 958.)



SOME OF THE IMPORTANT ANCIENT EGYPTIAN METAL WORK IN THE MOND BEQUEST: A RICHLY ORNAMENTED BRONZE DAGGER (MIDDLE KINGDOM, OR HYKSOS PERIOD; 11½ IN. LONG); A COPPER RAZOR IN ITS WOODEN CASE (NEW KINGDOM); AND AN ORNAMENTAL AXE-HEAD WITH A DESIGN OF A DOG BRINGING DOWN A DEER (EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY), DISPLAYING SYRIAN INFLUENCE.



AN EXCEEDINGLY RARE COMPLETE NEST OF MODEL COFFINS AND THE *USHABTI* FIGURE OF A THEBAN PRIEST—THE FIGURE BEING FURTHER REMARKABLE FOR THE GOLD MASK AND COLLAR, HERE PRESERVED INTACT (EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY): IN THE MOND BEQUEST. (8½ IN. LONG.)

High Places, on hill- or mountain-tops such as Nature has omitted to supply in the lower Euphrates Valley. As the names of ziggurats prove, at Ur these towering masses of brickwork were artificial mountains, recalling the real heights whereon the gods had been worshipped in their original home; that such should have been

and one must suppose that their original temples were on natural

THE DERBY, 1939: THE START; AND ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER.



(Upper.) "THEY'RE OFF!": THE START OF THE FAMOUS RACE, WHICH WAS RUN IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE, AND WON EASILY BY BLUE PETER.

(Lower.) ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING LORD DERBY'S HORSE, HELIOPOLIS, WHICH FINISHED THIRD, STILL IN THE LEAD.

The Derby was run on May 24 in brilliant sunshine, and some half-a-million people were present to see Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter win easily by four lengths. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Lord Harewood were in the Royal Box. Lord Derby's horse, Heliopolis,

ridden by R. Perryman, made the running to Tattenham Corner, but as they came into the straight, Blue Peter took the lead. Fox Cub, ridden by Gordon Richards, was second, the third time that the champion jockey, who has never yet won this race, has been "runner-up." The much-fancied Casanova finished fourth. (Planet.)

THE DERBY, 1939: THE FINISH; LORD ROSEBERY LEADS IN BLUE PETER.



(Upper.) THE FINISH: BLUE PETER, THE FAVOURITE, FOUR LENGTHS AHEAD OF FOX CUB (RIDDEN BY GORDON RICHARDS), WITH HELIOPOLIS THIRD. (S. and G.)

(Lower.) LORD ROSEBERY LEADING IN HIS FIRST DERBY WINNER, BLUE PETER—RIDDEN BY E. SMITH, WHOSE FIRST DERBY WIN IT ALSO WAS. (L.N.A.)

After rounding Tattenham Corner Blue Peter and Heliopolis were close together, followed by Casanova, Atout Maltre, Ortiz, Hypnotist, and Fox Cub, who then came to the fore for the first time. About a furlong in the straight, Blue Peter began to get the better of Heliopolis. A furlong from the winning-post Blue Peter

had drawn out clear, with E. Smith riding for all he was worth. Heliopolis was just in front of Fox Cub. Blue Peter galloped on strongly, to win by four lengths from Fox Cub, who in turn was three lengths ahead of Heliopolis. Blue Peter provided a first Derby win for owner, trainer and jockey.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA: THEIR MAJESTIES' ARRIVAL IN QUEBEC.



THE FIRST KING OF ENGLAND TO SET FOOT IN HIS DOMINION OF CANADA: HIS MAJESTY, WITH THE QUEEN, STANDING WHILE PRESENTATIONS WERE MADE AFTER THEY HAD LANDED FROM THE LINER "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA" AT WOLFE'S COVE DOCK, QUEBEC.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE FIRST FUNCTION ARRANGED FOR THEM IN CANADA: THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE UPPER CHAMBER OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN QUEBEC, WHERE THEY RECEIVED A LOYAL ADDRESS FROM THE PREMIER OF QUEBEC, MR. DUPLESSIS.

The "Empress of Australia," in which the King and Queen travelled to Canada, arrived off Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, on May 17. Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, with the Minister of Justice, Mr. E. Lapointe, went aboard and greeted their Majesties. The Prime Minister's first words were,

"Welcome, Sire, to your Majesty's Realm of Canada." At 10.30 the King and Queen went ashore and walked together to a dais where presentations were made by Mr. Mackenzie King. Later they drove to the Parliament Buildings to receive a loyal address from the Premier of Quebec. (Associated Press.)

IN MONTREAL, WHERE 1,500,000 PEOPLE WELCOMED THEIR MAJESTIES.



AN INCIDENT IN THE TREMENDOUS WELCOME GIVEN TO THEIR MAJESTIES IN MONTREAL BY 1,500,000 PEOPLE—BY FAR THE LARGEST CONCOURSE UP TILL THEN WITNESSED IN CANADA: CHILDREN GATHERED IN THE STADIUM CHEERING THE ROYAL CAR. (A.P.)



AFTER UNVEILING THE GRANITE MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THEIR VISIT, UPON THE MOUNT ROYAL HEIGHTS: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH MR. MACKENZIE KING BEHIND THEM (RIGHT); AND THE VISTA OF THE GREAT CITY BEYOND. (A.P.)

In Montreal a crowd officially estimated by the city police at a million and a half, by far the greatest concourse Canada had then seen, gathered to cheer their Majesties in their twenty-mile drive through the city. The crowds were predominantly French, for Montreal is the largest French city in the world after

Paris. The children were given a splendid opportunity of seeing the King and Queen, 90,000 of them being gathered in the stadium, round which their Majesties drove slowly. In the afternoon the King unveiled a granite monument commemorating their visit, on Mount Royal, the great eminence overlooking the city.



"THE MOST HONOURABLE, GALLANT AND VALIANT KNIGHT IN ALL ENGLAND":
TEWKESBURY ABBEY'S FOURTEENTH-CENTURY EFFIGY OF LORD EDWARD LE DESPENSER, WHO FOUGHT WITH
THE BLACK PRINCE AT POITIERS, WITH ITS ORIGINAL COLOURING RESTORED.

The unique stone effigy of Lord Edward le Despenser, kneeling high on his chantry and gazing serenely at the Altar in Tewkesbury Abbey, has no rival in fourteenth-century art of its kind. Lord Edward and his canopy were once overthrown, weapons and nose being lost, and subsequent scouring removed much colour. What remained was covered with black paint and brown varnish which, with a hideous botched nose, gave him a sinister scowl. Mr. R. P. Howgrave-Graham, F.S.A., the restorer of "Jack Southwold" (illustrated in our issue of

January 16, 1937), refashioned the nose and recovered the beautiful hidden colours, the only renewal being the lost gold leat. Our picture shows the white diaper and lattice-like Despenser arms, which are actually clearer on the back. The red moustache of this descendant of the famous "Red Earl" may indicate true portraiture. He was says Froissart, "the most honourable, gallant and valiant knight in all England, much beloved of ladies, for the most noble said that no feast was perfect if Sir Despenser was not present." He died in 1375.

FROM A COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY R. P. HOWGRAVE-GRAHAM, F.S.A.



PROBABLY THE OLDEST TYPE OF HUNTING-DOG IN THE WORLD: "GREYHOUNDS"—AN INTERESTING SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DRAWING OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL.



"GREYHOUNDS COURSING A HARE"—A SPORT WHICH TO-DAY HAS TAKEN A NEW FORM: DETAIL FROM A PAINTING OF THE SPANISH SCHOOL (SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY).

THE GREYHOUND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A DUTCH STUDY AND A COURSING SCENE.

The greyhound is probably the oldest hunting-dog in the world, for pictures of it appear on Egyptian temple walls, showing that it existed several thousands of years ago and that it has altered but little in form since it was first depicted as Man's companion in the chase. The breed which most closely resembles the greyhounds of ancient Egypt is the Ibiza hound of the Balearic Islands, for it has large erect ears and a smooth coat. The English greyhound, the Irish wolfhound, and the Borzoi have small, neatly-folded ears, while the Saluki has large, pendulous ears. There seems little doubt that the English greyhound is derived from breeds which came from Egypt, the Levant, and Western Asia. Artists have frequently chosen the greyhound as a subject for their brush, and the two seventeenth-century pictures reproduced on this page afford an interesting comparison with the type of greyhound used to-day

for coursing and racing. In this connection it is amusing to recall the description of a greyhound given in the "Boke of St. Albans" in 1481—"the head of a snake the neck of a drake, the foot of a cat, the tail of a rat, the side of a bream, and the back like a beam." Coursing as an organised sport in England was established by the foundation of the Swaffham Coursing Society in 1776, and to-day still has its adherents in spite of the counter-attraction of greyhound racing—as is shown each year at the meeting for the Waterloo Cup at Altcar. Except that greyhounds are used for both, racing has little in common with coursing, yet it possesses a greater popular appeal. Thousands of people assemble at such events as the "Grand National" Final and the "Derby" Final at the White City, and much care is now given to the breeding of greyhounds for this new sport.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA: THE KING AND QUEEN IN OTTAWA.



A HISTORIC OCCASION IN THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA: THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING IN STATE FROM RIDEAU HALL TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE, IN OTTAWA, WHEN HIS MAJESTY GAVE THE ROYAL ASSENT TO CERTAIN BILLS.



THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE IN OTTAWA: THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING IN AN OPEN LANDAU ALONG A NINE-MILE-LONG ROUTE THROUGH THE CITY TO RIDEAU HALL, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF LORD TWEEDSMUIR, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, WHERE THEY STAYED.

The King and Queen arrived in Ottawa on May 19 and, entering an open landau, drove along a nine-mile-long route through the city to Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General of Canada. Their Majesties were escorted by mounted detachments of Princess Louise Dragoon Guards and Royal

Canadian Dragoons. On arrival at Rideau Hall the King's first act was to receive the new United States Minister, Mr. Daniel Roper, who presented his credentials to his Majesty. In the afternoon the King and Queen drove to Parliament House—a historic occasion illustrated on pages 938-939. (Planet News.)



"NO CEREMONY COULD MORE COMPLETELY SYMBOLISE THE FREE AND EQUAL ASSOCIATION OF THE NATIONS OF OUR COMMONWEALTH": THE HISTORIC OCCASION WHEN THE FIRST REIGNING SOVEREIGN VISITED A DOMINION PARLIAMENT; SHOWING THE KING AND QUEEN SEATED IN STATE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN OTTAWA, CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION.

The King and Queen arrived in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, from Montreal, on May 19, and in the afternoon drove to Parliament House, where his Majesty was to give the Royal Assent to certain Bills in the Senate. For this ceremony the King was in Field-Marshal's uniform, while the Queen wore a magnificent crinoline dress with the Riband of the Order of the Garter. Their Majesties

were conducted to their thrones in the Senate, where Members of the Upper House and their wives were assembled, and sat facing the Judges of the Supreme Court, who occupied the circular Woolsack. The Commons were then summoned to the Bar of the House, and the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery read out a list of the Bills passed by the Senate and Commons, and requested

the King's assent. The Senate's clerk then bowed and announced the Royal Assent in French and English. In a speech from the Throne, the King said: "No ceremony could more completely symbolise the free and equal association of the nations of our Commonwealth. As my father said on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, the unity of the British Empire is no longer

expressed by the supremacy of the time-honoured Parliament that sits at Westminster. It finds expression to-day in the free association of nations enjoying common principles of government . . . and bound together by a common allegiance to the Crown. . . . It is my earnest hope that my present visit may give my Canadian people a deeper conception of their unity as a nation." (A.P.)

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE; AND NOTABLE ROYAL OCCASIONS.



REHEARSING THEIR CURTSIES FOR THEIR PRESENTATION TO THE KING AND QUEEN: THE FAMOUS "QUINS"—MARIE, YVONNE, EMILIE, CECILE, AND ANNETTE.

On May 22 the famous "Quins," seen above rehearsing their curtsies, spent some twenty minutes with their Majesties. Four of them put their arms round the Queen's neck and kissed her—an apparently entirely unrehearsed act. Her Majesty immediately knelt down and returned the kisses. Yvonne, the fifth, ran to the King and took his hand. The "Quins" were brought to Toronto by the Provincial Premier, Mr. Hepburn.



THE LITTLE PRINCE OF LIÈGE OPENING THE INTERNATIONAL WATER EXHIBITION AT LIÈGE, HELD UPON A CHAIR BY HIS FATHER, KING LEOPOLD.

Delight and surprise were evoked at the opening of the International Water Exhibition at Liège on May 21 when King Leopold, after making the inaugural speech, lifted his younger son, the Prince of Liège, stood him on a chair so as to be level with the microphone, and allowed the little boy to speak the formal opening words. The occasion of the exhibition (illustrated on page 944) is the opening of the Antwerp-Liège Canal.



ADMIRAL SIR ROGER BACKHOUSE.

Has relinquished his post of First Sea Lord, owing to reasons of health. He only succeeded Lord Chatfield as First Sea Lord as recently as September, having previously been Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet.



THE QUEEN WITH MR. MACKENZIE KING, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, AT THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN OTTAWA, ON THE OCCASION WHEN THE KING GAVE THE ROYAL ASSENT TO A NUMBER OF BILLS.



SIR HAROLD WEBBE, C.B.E.

Elected M.P. (Con.) for the Abbey Division of Westminster on May 17, with a majority of 5004 over his Independent opponent. Has served for fifteen years in the L.C.C., and is Leader of the Municipal Reform Party, having been an Alderman since 1934.



ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY POUND.

Succeeds Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse as First Sea Lord. Has been Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean since March 1936. Previously he had been Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (1927-29) and Second Sea Lord (1932-35).



MR. G. ISAACS.

The Socialist candidate who won the by-election at North Southwark. He had a majority of 1493 over the Liberal National candidate. The Liberal National majority at the last election was 79. Only 39 per cent. of the electorate voted on the present occasion.



ADMIRAL SIR A. B. CUNNINGHAM.

Appointed to succeed Admiral Sir Dudley Pound as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, following the latter's appointment as First Sea Lord. Has commanded the destroyer flotillas in the Mediterranean and also served as second in command when Sir Geoffrey Blake was invalided.



MR. C. H. FAGGE.

Consulting surgeon to Guy's Hospital and to the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children. Died on May 19, aged sixty-six. Elected to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1921, becoming vice-president in 1929.



LORD MERRIVALE.

Lord Merrivale, President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, 1919-1933, died on May 22, aged eighty-three. He began his career as a journalist. He was called to the Bar in 1885. He appeared in the "Titanic" case in 1913; and in the Slingsby baby case in 1915. He entered Parliament in 1900 as Unionist M.P. for Plymouth. He was Chief Secretary of Ireland, 1916-1918.



HERR ERNST TOLLER.

The famous German Communist poet and playwright. Was found hanged in his hotel at New York on May 22. He served on the Western Front in 1916. His plays included "Die Maschinenstürmer," "Masse Mensch," and "Hinkemann."



MAJOR EDWARD KELLETT.

Elected M.P. (Con.) in the by-election in the Aston Division of Birmingham on May 17. Had a majority of 5901 over his Socialist opponent. Only 44.2 per cent. of the electorate voted. The election was caused by the appointment of Captain Hope, M.P., to be Governor of Madras.



"VALECTI GARDE CORPORIS DOMINI REGIS":

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD OF OUR LORD THE KING," INSTITUTED IN 1485 BY HENRY VII., AND STILL ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SIGHTS IN LONDON.

The first recorded appearance of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard was at the coronation of its founder, Henry VII., at Westminster Abbey on October 31, 1485. The number of men was then fifty, which increased in Elizabeth's reign to two hundred. In 1669, however, Charles II. reorganised the Guard and gave it a fixed establishment of one hundred men, a figure which still remains. The Guard's original duties were most comprehensive: they were the King's personal attendants day and night, abroad and at home, in the palace and on the battlefield; while in Tudor times the Yeomen of the Guard alone made the King's bed. In 1605

the Guard conveyed Guy Fawkes to the Tower: they still search the vaults at the opening of each session of Parliament. The real fighting days of the Guard ended in the Tudor period, but until the battle of Dettingen in 1743—the last appearance of an English King in battle—they attended their Sovereign in war. Changes made in the uniform by successive sovereigns have mostly cancelled out—except for the ruff added by Queen Elizabeth—and it remains essentially as under Henry VII. "Valecti," in "Valecti garde corporis domini regis," is a mediæval Latinisation of Varlet or Valet, which originally had a meaning similar to "squire."



On Sure Ground—with
WILLS' GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

A NOTABLE TOWER ACQUISITION AND ROYAL EVENTS: QUEEN MARY'S MOTORING ACCIDENT AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



AN IMPORTANT ACQUISITION RECEIVED BY THE ARMOURIES AT THE TOWER OF LONDON THROUGH THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND: TWO VIEWS OF THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GREENWICH THREE-QUARTER SUIT OF FIELD-ARMOUR, IN RUSSET AND GILT, FROM MR. W. RANDOLPH HEARST'S COLLECTION.

The armouries at the Tower of London have recently received an important acquisition through the generosity of the National Art-Collections Fund. This is a three-quarter suit of field-armour, russet and gilt, which was formerly preserved at Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. The collection at Wilton was the only surviving example in this country of the private armoury of a great nobleman of the sixteenth century, and it was a national loss when it was scattered

at Sotheby's between 1921 and 1923. Henry VIII. imported foreign craftsmen to work at Greenwich in 1511, and thus began the Greenwich School of Armourers which lasted until the time of Charles I. The armour bought for the Tower from Mr. W. R. Hearst's collection is an excellent example of this School, and fills a gap in the series of English armours in the National Armoury. It seems very probable that it belonged to Henry Herbert, the second Earl of Pembroke.



QUEEN MARY OPENS THE COMPLETED PREMISES OF THE CLUBLAND CHURCH, CAMBERWELL ROAD: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET BEFORE THE CEREMONY. On May 20 Queen Mary opened the completed premises of the Clubland Church in Camberwell Road. Her Majesty received a warm welcome from a large gathering and made a complete tour of the premises. The buildings have cost £100,000 and are grouped round a quadrangle having the church on one side, with the boys' and girls' clubs beneath it, and on the other a theatre, above which is a gymnasium with a floodlit playground and roof-garden. (For.)



QUEEN MARY INVOLVED IN A MOTORING ACCIDENT: THE ROYAL CAR LYING ON ITS SIDE AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH A LORRY.

On May 23, H.M. Queen Mary was involved in a motoring accident when the royal car in which she was travelling was in collision with a lorry at the junction of West Hill Road and Wimbledon Park Road. The royal car overturned, and a ladder had to be obtained to enable Queen Mary to extricate herself from the vehicle. Her Majesty was taken to a surgery near by, and later returned to Marlborough House, where it was stated that there need be no cause whatever for any anxiety. Queen Mary's seventy-second birthday was celebrated on May 26. (Keystone.)

INTERNATIONAL EVENTS: NEWS FROM GERMANY, ITALY AND PALESTINE.



THE RATIFICATION OF THE ITALO-GERMAN TREATY: THE SCENE IN THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS AT THE NEW REICH CHANCELLERY IN BERLIN SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) COUNT CIANO, HERR HITLER, AND HERR VON RIBBENTROP.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD AFTER THE ITALO-GERMAN TREATY HAD BEEN SIGNED: COUNT CIANO WITH HERR HITLER AND HERR VON RIBBENTROP ON THE BALCONY OF THE REICH CHANCELLERY; SHOWING FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING (RIGHT) AND ADMIRAL RAEDER, GENERAL BRAUCHITSCH AND GENERAL KEITEL.

The Italo-German Treaty, which takes the form of a political and military alliance was signed on May 22 in the Hall of Ambassadors at the new Reich Chancellery in Berlin. Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, and Herr von Ribbentrop sat on either side of Herr Hitler at a long table with Field-Marshal Göring, General-Admiral Raeder and other high officials standing behind them. When Count Ciano and he himself had affixed their signatures to the documents, Herr von Ribbentrop turned to Herr Hitler and said: "My Führer, I report to you the completed signature of the German-Italian Pact of Alliance." The Führer then grasped Count Ciano's hand and shook it warmly and presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the German Eagle in gold. This is the highest order that Herr Hitler can bestow. Later the two Foreign Ministers broadcast short statements on the Treaty. (Photographs by Hoffmann.)



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI TOURS NORTHERN ITALY: THE DUCE IN MINER'S CLOTHES AT COGNE, WHERE HE ENTERED AN IRON MINE.

Signor Mussolini, who has been touring Northern Italy, made a speech at Cuneo, in Piedmont, on May 21 in which he said: "Now I shall shut myself up in silence. In the event of necessity, the people will speak. This morning, on the edge of a Cogne mine, I read this: 'Forty-five million Italians, ten million soldiers, and one will.'" The crowd then shouted "Let the guns roar!" Our photograph shows the Duce wearing miner's clothes at the Cogne iron pit. (Keystone.)



INSPECTING THE LONG ROWS OF AIRCRAFT AT CASELLE, NOW THE BASE OF THE TURIN AIR DIVISIONS: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI WITH HIS STAFF OFFICERS IN NORTHERN ITALY.

On May 15, the day following that on which he spoke to a vast crowd in the Vittorio Veneto in Turin, Signor Mussolini continued his tour of Northern Italy by driving to the Fiat works at Mirafiori, where the new "People's car" is now being built. From there he went to the aerodrome at Caselle, the base of the Turin air divisions, and inspected the long lines of some 200 aircraft drawn up on the field. He returned to Turin to attend a gymnastic display and choral performance given in the Mussolini Stadium. (A.P.)



A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S NEW PROPOSALS FOR PALESTINE: JEWISH LEGIONARIES, WITH BANNERS, MARCHING IN PROCESSION THROUGH JERUSALEM.

Following on the issue of the White Paper containing the British Government's new proposals for Palestine, the Jews in Palestine demonstrated against the suggested policy on May 18. For the most part the processions were perfectly orderly, but the police had to make baton charges in Zion Square, Jerusalem, when the crowd began to break street lamps and windows. One constable was wounded by a Jew who fired a Mauser pistol at him, and he died later in hospital.



BEARING THE SACRED SCROLLS OF THE LAW: RABBIS AT THE HEAD OF THE LONG PROCESSION WHICH DEMONSTRATED IN JERUSALEM ON MAY 18.

Earlier in the day some 20,000 Jews took part in an orderly procession through the streets led by rabbis bearing the sacred scrolls of the Law and a detachment of Jewish legionaries carrying banners with the inscription: "Jewish legionaries gave their lives for the Balfour Declaration, and will fight for its fulfilment." These were followed by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides and youth organisations. (Photographs by Associated Press and Sport and General.)

MATTERS WARLIKE AND PEACEFUL: A NEW ROYAL HOME; A.R.P. IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.



ROYAL INTEREST IN A NEW TYPE OF SPRAY HOSE FOR DEALING WITH BIG OIL FIRES: THE DUKE OF KENT AT A DEMONSTRATION GIVEN BY SOUTHBEND A.F.S. AT SHOEBURNESS EXPERIMENTAL STATION. (L.N.A.)



LEARNING HOW TO DEAL WITH A ROOM FIRE CAUSED BY INCENDIARY BOMBS: THE CLASS AT NEWCASTLE'S A.R.P. SCHOOL WATCHING OPERATIONS.

The Newcastle A.R.P. school for instructors from Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland is one of ten temporary schools to give instruction in combating high-explosive and incendiary bombs to the instructors who were trained in the schools at Falfield and Easingwold only in anti-gas measures. Falfield and Easingwold were originally civilian anti-gas schools. The Newcastle school opened on April 24. (For.)



BARNWELL CASTLE, THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, WHICH WAS FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUCHESS'S OWN ANCESTORS: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE TENNIS COURT IN THE CASTLE RUINS.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester plan to take up their residence at their new home, Barnwell Castle, Nottinghamshire, in time for the hunting season in the autumn. The castle was purchased last July; but a number of alterations have had to be carried out. It has extensive grounds with an open-air swimming-pool and a squash racket court. The Duchess has taken a great interest in planning a new rose garden. As our photograph shows, there is a tennis court actually in the courtyard of the ruin of the old castle. This dates back to the thirteenth century, and was formerly owned by the Dukes of Buccleuch, the Duchess's own family, having been bought by her ancestor, Sir Edward Montagu, about 1540. (For.)



ANTI-GAS PROTECTION FOR BABIES IN PARIS: A DEMONSTRATION OF PROFESSOR LE MEE'S DEVICE, IN WHICH THE CHILD'S BAG IS CONNECTED TO THE MOTHER'S GAS-MASK.

English and German anti-gas protection for young children has been previously illustrated by us, notably in our issue of April 29. Here we show a French device which was demonstrated recently in Paris. It has been brought out by Professor Le Mee, and has the advantage of affording protection to both mother and child, while there is no need of bellows to supply the air. The baby is covered with a rubber bag, which is connected to the mother's gas-mask. (Wide World.)



INSPECTING THE NEW BATTLE UNIFORM OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER: FRENCH RESERVE OFFICERS AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Above are seen some of the French Reserve officers inspecting the new battle dress of an English soldier at Wellington Barracks. The uniform has no brass buttons, and web gaiters instead of puttees. The five-day visit of General Weygand and the party of one hundred officers concluded with the General placing, on May 16, a wreath on the Cenotaph inscribed "Les Officiers de Reserve de France," and another on the Unknown Warrior's tomb. (Keystone.)

LAND AND WATER: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM AT HOME AND ABROAD.



CELEBRATING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE 100-MILE-LONG ALBERT CANAL BETWEEN ANTWERP AND LIÉGE: THE INTERNATIONAL WATER EXHIBITION AT LIÉGE; A VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE PALACES AND PAVILIONS WHICH SUCCEED EACH OTHER ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER MEUSE.

The International Water Exhibition, celebrating the construction of the 100-mile-long Albert Canal between Antwerp and Liège, opened on May 20. (The opening ceremony is illustrated on page 940.) The hundred palaces and pavilions of the Exhibition follow each other on two banks of

the River Meuse. The International Fair, in which France, Germany, Holland, Luxemburg, Egypt and Greece are officially participating, has for its theme the part played by water in all spheres of human activity. (Planet.)



A CEREMONY NOT PERFORMED FOR 93 YEARS: THE POPE TAKING FORMAL POSSESSION OF CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ROME.

On April 18, Pope Pius XII., as Bishop of Rome, took formal possession of the Basilica of St. John, the Cathedral Church of Rome. This revived a ceremony not performed since 1846. During his progress from the Vatican to St. John Lateran, the Pope sat erect on a raised seat in an open limousine, wearing a scarlet mozetta and scarlet beaver hat. (A.P.)



WORKMEN PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE FIFTY-TON RUDDER OF THE NEW "MAURETANIA."

The "Mauretania" herself was launched on May 14—but, since her rudder was not quite ready, rudderless. In the above photograph is seen the 50-ton rudder being prepared for the fitting, which took place a few days later. The "Mauretania" has a displacement of 34,000 tons. She is fully booked for her first voyage on June 17. (Keystone.)



AN ADDITION TO BRITAIN'S SUBMARINE FLEET: THE LAUNCH OF THE 1090-TON "TAKU" AT BIRKENHEAD.

Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co., of Birkenhead, launched H.M.S. "Taku," a large submarine of 1090 tons, on May 20. The vessel was named by Mrs. Coltart, wife of Captain C. G. Coltart, R.N. She belongs to the latest type of British ocean-going submarine, designed as patrol vessels for general service. They are armed with six 21-in. torpedo tubes, and mount a 4-in. gun. (Topical.)



THE SCENE OF THE AMOY CRISIS: KULANGSU, THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT, WHERE JOINT FORCES OF BRITISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN SEAMEN WERE LANDED.

On May 12, a force of about 200 Japanese marines landed on the international settlement of Kulangsu, a small island off Amoy. This followed the murder of an allegedly pro-Japanese official. Forces of British and French marines and armed American sailors were therefore landed on May 17. This joint action eased the situation. British, French, American and Japanese warships later appeared off Amoy in considerable numbers. On May 21 the commanders of the four naval forces began negotiations for progressive withdrawal.



THE THIRD CRUISER LAUNCHED FROM THE CLYDE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF 1939: THE "HERMIONE," BELONGING TO THE "DIDO" CLASS.

On May 18, the H.M.S. "Hermione" was launched from the Linthouse yard of Messrs. Alexander Stephen. Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, performed the ceremony of naming the ship. The "Hermione," the third cruiser to come from the Clyde since the beginning of this year, is a ship of the "Dido" class, with a displacement of 5490 tons. The "Dido" class will contain ten ships. (Central Press.)

This England . . .



From Langdale Pikes

THAT nought is made in haste save mistakes might be an axiom born in the fells, for indeed, their very nature prohibits haste. It was twenty-six years before Westmorland was annexed to William after the Conquest. Cromwell made no impression—his Protectorate was too short-lived! To this day you may move from one district to the next and be an “outener” to your new neighbours for a term of years. Yet if life is difficult for the fell farmer, rare is he that fears to meet the manager of his bank. For here is the notable English quality of slow care and mindful storing of experience, that brings the truest measure of success. How else indeed would your so English Worthington have earned and kept its centuries of fame but by the unhurried thoroughness of every golden brew.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A SEVENTEENTH- AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FURNITURE EXHIBITION.

THE stools which are illustrated on page 948 (Figs. 3 and 4), are interesting, although comparatively minor items in the current exhibition at

Frank Partridge and Sons, Ltd., for they seem to me to be worth more attention than they are likely to attract amid larger and more important pieces of furniture. That they are very rare is one thing: that they are of exceptional quality is another. A third consideration which will perhaps interest those who happen to see this page is this: very neatly and unobtrusively they demonstrate to perfection the ideals of two decades in house-furnishing, the first

time. All three stools are of walnut, of course, and so is the little bureau of Fig. 1, which is again typical of the singular good taste allied to great skill of the Queen Anne cabinet-maker. Such a piece as this has certain virtues, apart from beauty of line, which do not immediately appear in a photograph—e.g., the lovely figure of the veneers, the neat herring-bone bandings round the drawers, and—far more unusual and very effective—the



1. TYPICAL OF THE GOOD TASTE ALLIED TO GREAT SKILL OF THE QUEEN ANNE CABINET-MAKER: A BUREAU NOTABLE FOR THE FIGURE OF THE WALNUT VENEERS AND THE SIMPLE LEAF OUTLINE CARVED ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE CABRIOLE LEGS. (Size: 20 in. by 16 in. by 34 in. high.)



2. WORKED IN WOOL AND SILK IN TENT- AND CROSS-STITCH FROM ILLUSTRATIONS TO GAY'S "FABLES" (PUBLISHED IN 1727): A SETTEE SEAT; SHOWING, ON THE LEFT, THE ILLUSTRATION TO THE FABLE OF "THE PAINTER" AND, ON THE RIGHT, THE ILLUSTRATION TO "THE JUGGLERS." (Size: 4 ft. 9 in. by 1 ft. 11½ in.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. F. Partridge and Sons, 26, King Street, S.W.1.

dignified but inclining to fussiness, the second quiet and depending upon a natural flow of line.

The pair of Fig. 3, with their elaborate stretchers, bulbous turned legs and the inturnd foot, known as the "Spanish" foot, can be dated c. 1695. Fig. 4 is c. 1710, and at first sight is so simple as hardly to invite comment. But a further glance shows that it is actually a very cunningly-contrived design, each leg appearing to grow downwards from the seat, like two smooth water-plants joining together, while the stretcher, with its charming central carved leaf, is arranged in a series of compensating curves—altogether an object of uncommon balance and quality. Thus did the somewhat grandiose, but very delightful, fashion of the reign of William and Mary, so clearly seen in the great rooms at Hampton Court, merge into the sedate modesty, as it were, of Queen Anne's

simple leaf outline carved on the shoulders of the high cabriole legs, with their smooth pad feet. How easy it all looks!—and how many designers of to-day would attain just these proportions, just these gracious curves?

Among other needlework is a set of settee and chair seats framed for hanging on a wall—wool and silk in tent- and cross-stitch—which are remarkable in themselves, and have also a literary interest. They are adapted (with minor differences) from designs drawn by William Kent for the first series of John Gay's "Fables"—half-forgotten and graceful little moral tales in heroic couplets, each of them headed by a print by Wootton after a Kent drawing. If the book is half-forgotten, most of us had wholly forgotten that the great, if faintly pompous, Kent had lent his hand to work of this sort. I hope that by the time

(Continued overleaf.)



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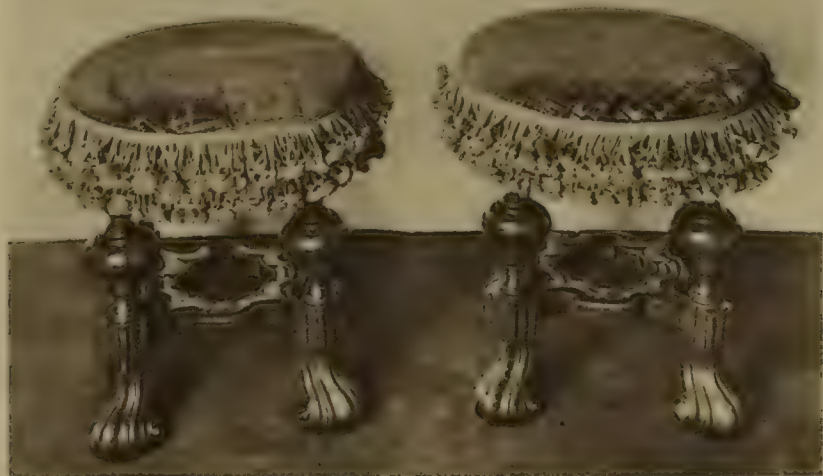
NEW YORK

Continued.

these words appear in print a copy of the book itself—which is not to be found too easily—will be on view with these interesting panels. I illustrate (Fig. 2) the settee seat: one misses the colouring, but a little imagination will supply that deficiency. On the left is the illustration to the Fable of "The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody"; on the right the illustration to "The Jugglers." The six seats are of different subjects, all with similar gay floral borders. A fairly ambitious task for the unknown needlewoman during those long winter evenings in the country: not many would care to take it on in the twentieth century. These panels were last seen in public at Burlington House, in 1934, at the Exhibition of British Art.

There are a few pieces from the latter part of the eighteenth century, including a pair of characteristic Adam gilt wall-brackets and a Sheraton satinwood secretaire with the usual inlay and bandings in various woods, but the main emphasis is upon the early pieces, nicely balanced between walnut and mahogany—the one smooth, with decoration (if any) in the form of marquetry, the other finely carved. There are some splendid chairs, notably one of those wide mahogany arm-chairs with lion's-mask heads on the arms and on the shoulders of the legs, and some wonderful scroll and leaf ornamentation on the seat rail; and a suite of William and Mary walnut furniture, every item of which—settee, six chairs and a fire-screen—is covered in contemporary needlework. There is an agreeable formality in the pattern of the needlework—a Chinese vase filled with flowers on a white ground for the chairs, and a floral design with two pastoral medallions for the settee—to some eyes the most important item in the catalogue of eighty pieces.

Two pieces, apart from their decoration, are remarkable for the woods of which they are made. One is a Charles II. cabinet on stand, the upper part



3. A PAIR OF WILLIAM AND MARY WALNUT STOOLS WITH ELABORATE STRETCHERS, BULBOUS TURNED LEGS AND THE INTURNED FOOT KNOWN AS THE "SPANISH" FOOT (c. 1695). (Height, 15½ in.; Diameter of top, 14 in.)

of which is of olive wood with various inlays, including ivory stained green, while the turned and twisted legs are of chestnut; the other is a George I. side-table made of sabica wood imported from Cuba and Porto Rico, and very occasionally used in England during the eighteenth century.

Of the typically Chippendale style furniture, of which there are several examples, the most impressive are two large commode cabinets, with serpentine fronts, gadrooned bases resting on lion's-paw feet, and floral festoons in relief at each side, and a large bookcase in which, apart from the fairly common feature of fretted galleries



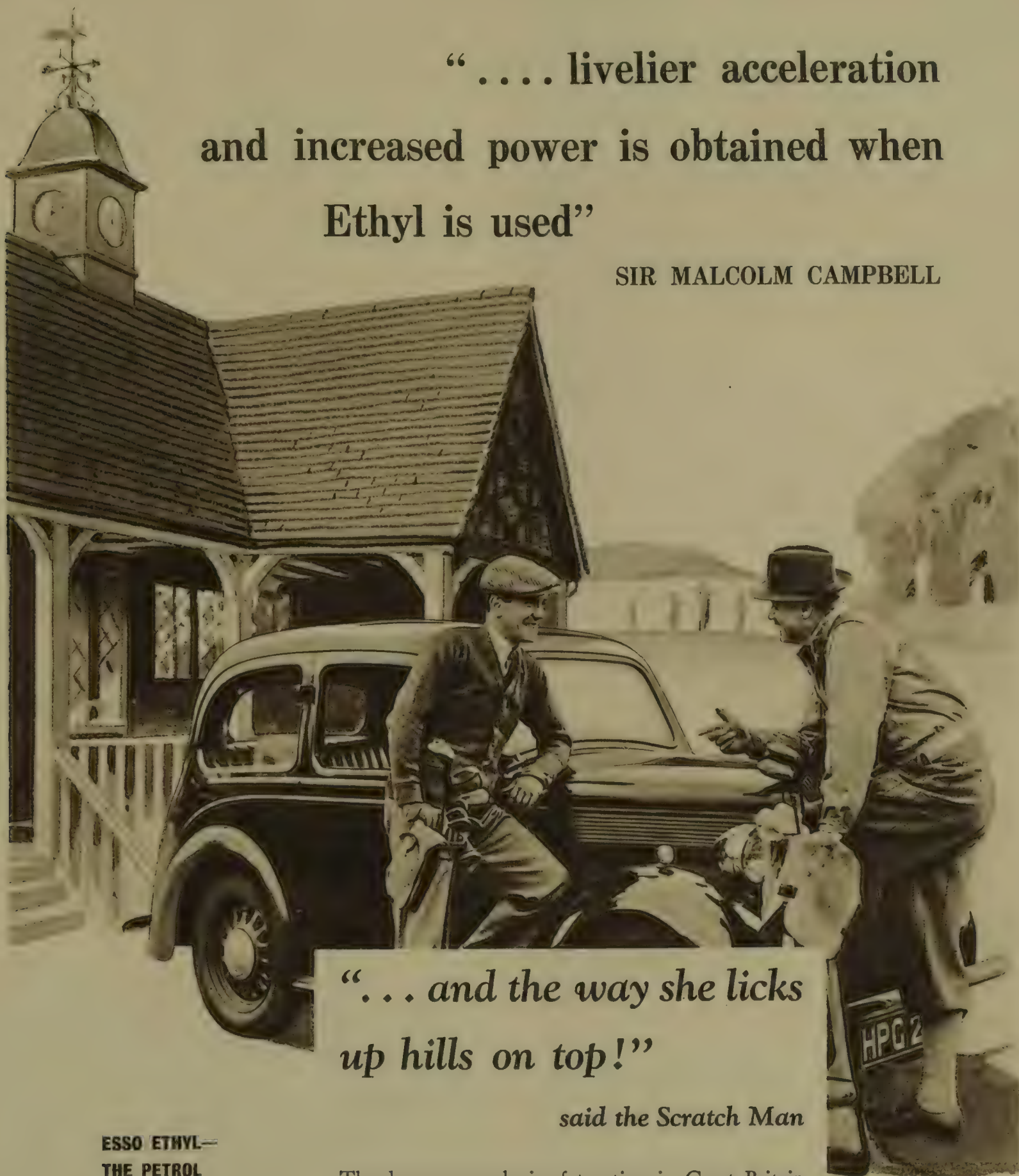
4. FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 3: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT STOOL HAVING PAD FEET AND A DIAGONAL CURVED STRETCHER WITH A CHARMING CENTRAL CARVED LEAF (c. 1710). (Size: 18 in. by 13 in. by 18½ in. high.)

above, the small door in the centre is also elaborately fretted. Two or three carved walnut items of about the year 1725 (particularly a fine chair) mark the transition from the plain walnut of the first twenty years of the century to the deeply carved mahogany style which took its place, and one of the Chippendale chairs can claim as good and as intricate a pierced and carved back as any in the famous book. It is an exhibition which is well up to the standard of those arranged in previous years at about the same time—one of the many first-class shows in the neighbourhood which come out with the tulips and irises in the parks—and, like them, is free to anyone who cares to walk by.

"The Royal Academy Illustrated" (Walter Judd, Ltd.; 2s. 6d.), with its reproductions of most of the important exhibits, adequately records the artistic tendencies at the Royal Academy. The frontispiece is occupied by a portrait of H.M. the King by Francis Hodge, and other portraits of famous people include the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, by James Gunn; H.M. Queen Mary by Simon Elwes; and Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, by Oswald Birley.

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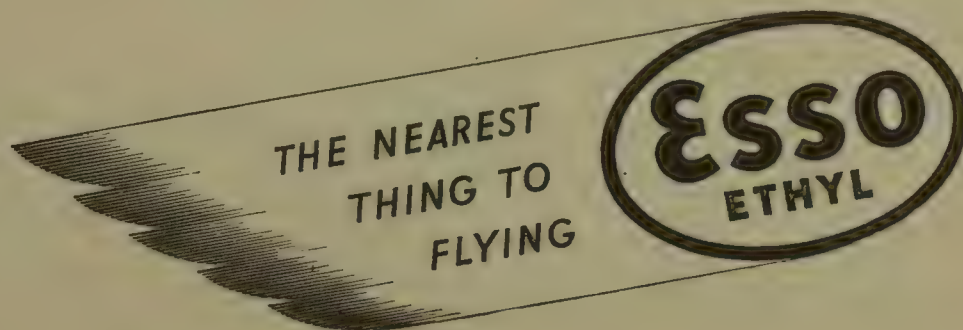
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

RUNNING-IN the new car is an everyday occurrence in Great Britain at the present time, with the Whitsun and other holidays near at hand. Yet plug-makers, such as Lodge and K.L.G., warn motorists not to be surprised if, after the running-in period, misfiring takes place when the car is driven at higher speeds. Such a happening in a brand-new car is somewhat disconcerting, yet to cure it is a simple matter. Under conditions of continual light running, which car manufacturers ask of purchasers of their new cars for at least 500 miles, the engine never gets hot enough to prevent the formation of carbon deposit on the sparking points and in the cavity of the plug. Excessive carbon formation gives rise to uneven firing, loss of power, or complete misfiring. The cure is a thorough cleaning of the plug points and cavities, and this should be done as part of the usual routine at the end of the running-in period, after draining, flushing and refilling the engine's sump.

It is even more important to do this in the case of a rebored engine than with a new one, for plugs in a car which have already done some thousands



A NEWCOMER TO THE MOST POPULAR CLASS OF MOTOR-VEHICLE: THE NEW AUSTIN "TEN," WHOSE OUTSTANDING FEATURES ARE ROOMINESS, APPEARANCE AND A SPARKLING PERFORMANCE.

of miles of running are less capable than new sparking plugs of withstanding the handicap of excessive carbon. But my advice is to use the old plugs for a gentle running-in of a rebored engine and fit a new set when that has been done—keeping the old plugs as spares, after being thoroughly cleansed.

A correspondent asks me, as a pioneer motorist, whether I can give him the dates of the various Ford models. He writes that he has been reading my articles on cars in various newspapers and journals since 1900, so thinks that he can truly sign his request as "a constant reader." Early motor history is always interesting, so I dare say the facts will be welcomed by other motorists. In 1903, the Ford Company's first year after Mr. Henry Ford had formed it



A CAR WHICH IS VERY POPULAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: A VAUXHALL "TEN-FOUR" IN THE GROUNDS OF THE JOHANNESBURG ZOO—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE VERY EASY ENTRANCE AND EXIT AFFORDED BY THE WIDE FRONT DOOR.

with the help of his friends, the factory produced 1708 model "A" and model "C" cars. For some reason or other, production dropped to 1695 in 1904, and to 1599, in 1905. So models "N" "R" and "S" were introduced in 1906, and 8729 cars and light vans were sold. In 1907 sales increased to 14,887 cars, but dealers asked for certain improvements, and the now famous model "T" Ford was built in 1908.

Although production in that year was only 10,660, by 1913 production had risen to 171,795; by 1915 to 500,000; and by 1920 to 1,074,336, so that Mr. Henry Ford became the first maker to produce and sell a million cars a year. The peak year for model "T" was 1923, when 2,090,240 units were manufactured, and on May 4, 1924, the 10,000,000th model "T" Ford appeared. After the 15,000,000, the model "T" came off the assembly line. On May 26, 1927, the change-over was made from the epicyclic gears to ordinary "clash" gears, and a new model "A" took its place. The "V8" and four-cylinder model "B" were introduced in March 1932, and in 1937 the 25,000,000th Ford car was

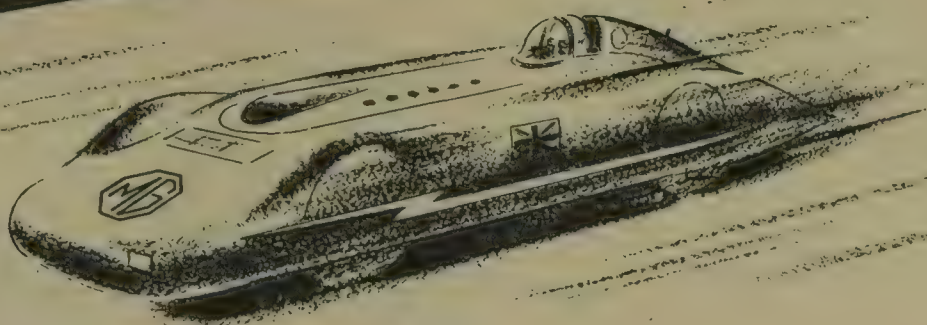
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Continued.
driven off the assembly line by Edsel Ford, with his father, Henry, sitting beside him, to the Ford Rotunda, where this car was put on exhibition beside the first experimental Ford—an event which marked the culmination of Mr. Henry Ford's thirty-three and a half years as motor-car manufacturer and founder of the cheap automobile for the public. Present-day productions you all know about, but it is truly a wonderful business. One need say no more.

Racing motorists, sportsmen and sportswomen are looking forward to seeing the meeting at Rheims on July 9 of the new British racing E.R.A. cars, with all the up-to-date Continental speeders, including the Italian eight-cylinder supercharged Alfa and the works team of Maseratis. The E.R.A. Fund to keep this set of racing machines in top-hole condition, with their cost of running, has to find £12,000 each year to meet the bills to keep England in the picture against France, Germany and Italy. So send your subscription to any Midland Bank branch, as it is needed to keep our flag flying in motor sport. All

subscriptions sent are recorded in the public Press and listed in the motor journals.

Of the new season's cars for ordinary touring purposes, there is nothing better than the 4½-litre drophead Bentley coupé. This car, priced at £1535, is really a regular bargain at that figure, as it has a road performance as good as a racing car, with all the silence and lack of fuss of a Rolls-Royce, and who wants more than that? Rated at 29.4 h.p., the engine produces 125 b.h.p. at 3800 revolutions of the flywheel per minute, which is a quiet, smooth power in these days of

kit, while the car ambles along at 50 m.p.h., or hurries at 80 m.p.h., without any apparent effort from the engine. From a standing start you can accelerate



THE LARGEST YACHT OF THE YEAR: MR. W. H. COLLIN'S 457-TON "WILNA" ON HER TRIALS AFTER HER COMPLETION TO THE DESIGNS OF MR. CHARLES NICHOLSON.

This beautiful new yacht was described by Mr. Charles Nicholson, her designer, as not merely a gentleman's toy, but as a useful auxiliary in time of war. She is practically a sister-ship to Mr. W. L. Stephenson's "Malahne." The interior furnishings, incidentally, are by Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, Ltd.



AT STONFENCE: A SEVEN-SEATER HOOPER LIMOUSINE, ON A ROLLS-ROYCE "WRAITH" CHASSIS WHICH HAS SEVERAL NOTABLE FEATURES.

Among the notable features of the car shown above are: the capacious luggage-boot, an electrically-operated division, two occasional seats facing forward, and a heater.

buzz-boxes doing 6000 revs. per minute to achieve their best performance. Its brakes are very efficient, and respond to light pressure of the brake-pedal. The luggage-carrier is ample for its passengers' usual

to 70 m.p.h. inside 25 seconds, using the overdrive. The benefit of this extra top gear is that the engine is only turning over at 2200 r.p.m. at 50 m.p.h. road speed, so the life of the car is prolonged indefinitely, due to the absence of strain. Also, gear-changing is easy and the two lower gears are quiet, so that it is difficult for the passenger to know whether the car is travelling in one of the two top gears or one of the two lower ones. One of these drop-head Bentley 4½-litre coupés won the championship of all coupés in the recent R.A.C. Rally and thoroughly deserved its handsome prize. The coachwork was built by H. J. Mulliner.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GROUSE IN JUNE," AT THE CRITERION.

THIS is a most amusing farcical comedy, perfectly acted and produced. The setting is the living-room of a small hotel in the Highlands of Scotland. There are only five guests. A meek little ornithologist; a blustering fisherman, whose main topic of conversation is his stuffed trout that adorns the wall; his crushed sister, who darns his stockings, runs errands for him, and whose conversation is mainly limited to an occasional "Yes, dear"; a retired general, also a fisherman, and his wife, who is exactly what a general's wife should be. On whether these guests can be induced to stay another week depends the landlord's financial stability for the year. Unexpectedly a trio of Americans appear on the scene. A charming young couple, newly wed, and an older man who would be the first to proclaim himself a "tough guy." They had, apparently, only recently heard of the Spanish Armada, and are in search of a sunken galleon loaded with doubloons. The landlord is aware that there has never been any rumour of sunken treasure in the locality, but business is business, and he decides to do his best to supply the deficiency. He hammers out his dental plate, and also some medals he has won at bagpiping contests, and drops them on the foreshore. These discoveries arouse the avarice not only of the three Americans, but of the other guests in the hotel. Armed with spades, they dig frenziedly in the sand. Then arrives an altogether tougher American. He has no use for the small boy's spade and bucket tactics of the others. He buys out the nice young couple's option, throws a barbed wire fence round the locality, and orders dredgers and gangs of workmen. Miss Billie Ryan is delightful as the American girl and Mr. Eric Cowley very amusing as the retired general.

"UNEASY LIVING," AT THE KINGSWAY.

Miss Florence Kilpatrick has made a reputation as a purveyor of domestic humour. She adds to it in this amusing little comedy of a middle-class family. There is a ne'er-do-well nephew who has considerable charm, and an even more considerable aversion to work. There is a chubby schoolgirl who has ambitions as a cyclist, and an urge to wangle a new machine from her parents. Miss Diana Sinclair-Hill plays this part deliciously. Miss Iris Hoey is delightful as the distracted mother, and Mr. Arthur Hardy gives a clever sketch of a bored father whose main interest in life is angling. The play is amusing enough, and though it may not take London by storm, it should be sure of a welcome in provincial repertory theatres.

"SIXTH FLOOR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Clifford Pember has designed a very ingenious setting. It needs to be, for all the nine rather dull scenes take place in it. It is a cross-section of an apartment-house in Montmartre: roof and chimney-pots showing; also two rooms divided by a landing, with a staircase leading down beneath the stage. The action is dilatory and repetitive, but there are one or two amusing character sketches to compensate. Miss Celia Johnson plays very charmingly a girl afflicted with a lame leg and a boring father. This gentleman, when he isn't employed on his lawful occupation of accountancy, dictates very dull adventure stories to his unhappy daughter. The character is a bore, and all Mr. Ralph Roberts's art could not prevent it from being one. Mr. James Mason is a budding song-writer who seduces the crippled girl, takes fright, and runs away, leaving her to bear his child and marry a faithful admirer. There is a mysterious Lady in Grey (Miss Jeanne Stuart) who, having ten years earlier spent some happy hours in the house, returns at frequent intervals and stands looking longingly at the door; until the song-writer entices her in and makes love to her. Mr. Harold Scott is a painter who designs the lids of chocolate-boxes, likely, one would think, judging by an example of his work, to scare off anyone not possessed of a very sweet tooth. He has an amusing habit of rattling a match-box until someone supplies him with a cigarette. Miss Joyce Barbour is his inquisitive, garrulous wife. Though the setting is French, there is little attempt at supplying atmosphere, save by Mr. Edgar K. Bruce, who, by means of a beard and smoking-cap, manages to look an Early Victorian character. Mr. Rodney Ackland's earlier play, "Strange Orchestra," about nothing in particular, was vastly entertaining. "Sixth Floor," also about nothing in particular, is on the dull side. But, then, he has adapted it from the French. Successful adaptations are few and far between.

"TRAVIATA," AT COVENT GARDEN.

WHEN Verdi's opera "La Traviata" was first produced, in March 1853, at the famous Fenice Theatre in Venice, it was a dead failure, unlike "Il Trovatore," which had preceded it in January 1853, at the Teatro Apollo in Rome, and had been received with enthusiasm at once. "Is the fault mine or the actors?" wrote Verdi to his friend and pupil Mazio. "Time will show." Well, time has justified Verdi for, in the opinion of all good musicians, "Traviata" is a masterpiece, and one of Verdi's finest and most flawless works. I would even go so far as to say that it is the most lyrical and, in a sense, the most beautiful opera he ever composed. But "Traviata" requires the greatest delicacy and refinement in its treatment, and that is certainly why it did not "get across" at its first performance, whereas the less subtle and more boisterous "Trovatore" found its public at once. "Traviata" has since become one of Verdi's most popular works, and it is hardly likely to lose its position with the musical public.

On this occasion we have at Covent Garden one of the best productions I can ever remember hearing, and on the whole the singing last Monday night was the most satisfactory we have heard so far at Covent Garden during the present season. Those who remember a magnificent performance at Covent Garden years ago by Rosa Ponselle as Violetta will not be disappointed by that of the present Violetta, Maria Caniglia, who made a very good impression last year. Her Violetta, however, is much the best thing I have heard her do. Apart from an occasional lapse in intonation in the first act, and a slight tendency to overact, hers was a truly superb performance. Technically of a very high order throughout, her singing warmed into a true and touching expressiveness in the second and third acts, and was matched by a beautiful presence and excellent acting. In the famous scene with Germont (the father of her lover) in Act II., she showed her real quality, and here I must add that from Signor Basiola we had the best singing I have heard from him this season.

As Alfredo, Signor Gigli treated us not only to superb singing, but he was dramatically most effective, especially in Act III., and the audience—except for an epidemic of coughing, which marred some of the most exquisite moments of Verdi's lovely music—behaved discreetly. The minor parts were well sung, and the chorus was much more precise and effective than in "Trovatore." The orchestra was splendidly handled by Signor Gui, who did not miss any of the points of Verdi's economical but masterly scoring. This production of "Traviata" is one of the best things Covent Garden has given us in recent years.—W. J. TURNER.

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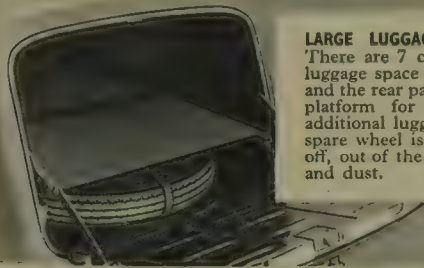
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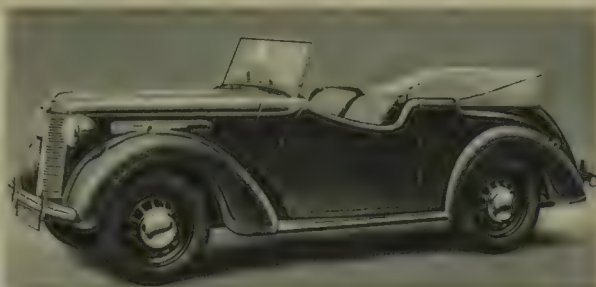
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

I WISH I could begin by saying that few novel-readers will have forgotten that enchanting book "Perry's Cows." But in a deluge of fiction it is so easy to miss the good things! I don't know how large a public Miss Iles obtained for her little masterpiece, but those who read it are sure to have been looking forward to its successor. "Burden of Tyre" is less remarkable, although—or, rather, because—it is a good deal more ambitious. Instead of a poetic, yet homely, little work with a unique flavour, we are confronted with an *essai pâle et noble*. In other words, the new novel, though aspiring and sympathetic, slightly lacks grip. All the same, it is much above the average.

It is a study of apparent failure, in a world of confusion and apparent failure—the England of the last twenty years. The hero, Paul Brown, has no striking gifts, and, when we first meet him, no great beauty of character. He is touchy, defeatist, quarrelsome, ashamed of his family and of himself. None of the Browns, he feels irritably, have achieved anything, and they never will, and he never will. He is a trying boy. And yet the promise that he shows is moral promise; he has two adolescent dreams—to reform the world and to be master of his own fate.

But in the first place he will have to earn a living; and England has none to offer a well-educated young man without training and without capital. Even the most worthless clerkships are refused him, and in the end he thinks himself lucky to get a job on a cargo steamer, through influence. He keeps this job for two or three years; then comes the depression, and all pursers in the line are dismissed. Paul can find nothing else to do. He drifts to London and sinks lower and lower among the forgotten men, witnessing unspeakable horrors, and at length reaching the very bottom of the gulf—a place where there is no future, and all the faculties are absorbed in living for one more day.

He is discovered on the kerb in Oxford Street by an old general who knew him at home. Thanks to this chance meeting he can begin the world again. But his resurrection is not the dawn of success in life; he takes employment on a farm, and is glad to get it, and he will always be a farm hand—England has no more use for his education and powers than it had at first. Nevertheless, he is content. He has acquired possession of his own soul and resigned himself to apparent failure.

Little Gwen, whom he picked up in the streets of Cardiff after one of his voyages, is a parallel case. She should have been a great actress, but the world has made her a prostitute. Paul contrives to get her into a third-rate repertory company in his home town, but this is not a start—it is a dead end. Like himself, she will never rise, and she is too much exhausted by early suffering to care deeply. She "likes it with the reps": all her life she has been an outcast, and now it seems enough to "belong."



THE WORDSWORTH HOUSE, COCKERMOUTH, WHICH IS TO BE GIVEN TO THE NATION. The Wordsworth House was recently acquired by the Wordsworth Memorial Committee, and will be handed over to the National Trust. It has been furnished in the period style, and will be opened to the public on June 3. Wordsworth was born in Cockermouth in 1770.

Gwen is the least plausible figure in the book; the intelligent and spiky Mrs. Brown is one of the best. You don't often find a mother portrayed as an individual, reacting to her children as individuals—she is just The Mother, as a rule, especially in men's novels. The happy ending is rather sad. After the depression, the crisis: Europe is courting death, and all the "little worlds," created with so much toil and so little help from outside, may be hurled into destruction at any moment. But for Paul and Gwen, at least, the present moment is good and beautiful.

Miss Iles is the only novelist I know who can extract poetry from a rural scene in transition—from a landscape studded with villas and colonised by commuters. When she writes of Essex, as in the country chapters of this novel, you feel its charm almost to the point of nostalgia. The London chapters are very powerful, though less intimate. The book as a whole exhales a kind of worried magnanimity, but in spiteful moments the author can be very funny indeed. On the subject of the Browns' gentlemanly lodger she reminds one of Dickens taking a rise out of Mr. Pecksniff.

"Dynasty of Death" is a long novel—frightfully long. It has nearly eight hundred large and closely-printed pages. A majestic feat, if rather misguided. The "dynasty of death" is the firm of Barbour-Bouchard, in Windsor, Pa. The Bouchards are French; the Barbours come from the North of England, and their strong man is Ernest Barbour, a kind of human juggernaut, ready and eager to immolate the whole world to his lust for power. They make armaments, they make huge fortunes, they foment wars, they intermarry and produce a second generation of juggernauts—and so on. Meanwhile, Ernest Barbour has cast a blight on his parents, friends and children, and caused the death of one after another—not deliberately: it's just his way. He calls his turn of mind "realism," and regards all possessors of a conscience—notably his brother, Martin—with scorn and loathing. And the author, fascinated by this satanic superman, seems half-inclined to agree: Martin's wife is all but praised for not sharing her husband's anguish at oppression and misery.

There is a great deal of violent and impossible over-statement, especially about physical reactions—e.g.: "His eyes were literally full of flame." Few of the characters are distinct, and almost all are unpleasant; but there are many dramatic scenes, and the interest, in spite of repetition, is well kept up. Nevertheless, the book could easily, and with advantage, have been much shorter. Mr. Caldwell never uses one word where four will do. For example: "He, too, wore spectacles . . . and they made him seem older and heavier, less youthful, more middle-aged." As the author writes like that all the time, one's eyelids are sometimes a little weary.

"All This and Heaven Too" has only five hundred and fifty pages—by comparison, a mere trifle. It is the history of a *cause célèbre*: Nearly a century ago the Duc de Praslin murdered his jealous wife, and then killed himself in prison. The governess was suspected of complicity, was released, emigrated to America, and there lived happily

(Continued overleaf)

-and soda by Schweppes of course



Continued.]

ever after, as the wife of a minister ten years younger than herself. This novel is the work of her great-niece. It could have been superb melodrama, but, alas! family feeling has turned it into a rather slow and dull chronicle.

"Four People" will be caviar to the vulgar. It won't be quite caviar to the gourmet—it is not so exquisite as that—but it has a delicate and strange tang. There are three stories, all quiet, spiteful, capricious, and completely fantastic. The author's weakness is not knowing when to stop.

Mr. Goodwin writes of Shropshire, and is often compared to Hardy. He shouldn't be, for the likeness is superficial, and he has a real though modest gift of his own. His "Come Michaelmas" contains fine pages, with its story of the decayed mill town, the kindly, feckless giant, the visiting archaeologist, the two sisters whom they love, and the double tragedy which coincides with Michaelmas Fair. The characters, however, are not as good as the story, and the English is full of odd mistakes.

There is no glamour in M. Peyré's account, in "Six Bulls on Sunday," of bull-fighting. We see the great man sweating with anguish, dressing as slowly as he can from sheer funk, squandering all his gains on the nearest dose of oblivion. At the end of the season he is poorer than when he started—so he can never leave off. M. Peyré talks of the fighter's "Calvary," of his "martyrdom." Yet he describes these sketches—or, at least, the title-story—as a glimpse of the "sunny side."

In "Blind Man's Ditch" we are shown a group of lives reacting on one another. Eugene Lorimer, a young workman with a passion for literature and self-improvement, is the only figure in touch with all the rest, and each helps to ruin him. They don't mean it; as a rule they don't know it. Only Bartholomew, the fat young thief and tyrant, is directly to blame, and he destroys himself, too. An ingenious and moving story, rather free with coincidence.

Then three novels with a background of frightfulness. The grimmest and most impressive is from the German—"Children of Guernica." Carlos, a young Spanish refugee, has lost his father and half his family at Guernica—but there was evil and disruption in that household before;

the domestic plot is really more gripping than the horrors which cut across it. From Carlos's point of view they teach the same thing: the wicked possess the earth, and anything can happen, and no one cares.

"Mr. Emmanuel" is a fairy-tale about frightfulness. The dear old Quixote of Magnolia Street ventures into Germany, like Daniel among the lions; the Gestapo almost kill him, but they can't break him, and he is rescued at the eleventh hour. Mr. Golding writes most poignantly of the feelings of the insulted Jew, but his milk of human kindness is over-sweetened.

In "Brave Easterling" the horrors are farther off. A London magistrate marries a German girl to save her from deportation. He has fallen in love with her at sight, and he contrives to win her heart, in spite of the reappearance of her Nazi fiancé. The political scene is presented from a new angle—that of Germans domiciled in England. But in the main it is a romantic love-story.

Finally the detective novels. This month's best is "Death in the House." "I used to think," says the heroine, "when I read detective stories, that political assassination was dull. It isn't!" Mr. Berkeley's readers will agree. He gives us a thrilling plot, with wit, satire and good writing thrown in.

In "Death Pays a Dividend" Mr. Rhode is less ingenious than usual. A financier's house is burgled; a wire has been stretched across the stairs, and at the bottom of them the financier's "perfect secretary" lies dead. A workman-like tale—but one can't congratulate Jimmy Waghorn on his intelligence. However, love may have put him off his stroke, for he wins a bride.

"Death at Half Term" combines the attractions of school and stage. After a performance of "Twelfth Night" by Shakespeare Players, Ltd., Sir Toby is discovered with a cracked crown. Good, though not first-rate. K. J.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 932.)

writes: "... The group friezes, the processional figures ... are curiously depressing in their repetition and their drill-yard perfection. To look at these bearers of tribute from the three-and-twenty subject nations, these officials from the twenty satrapies of the empire, all in different clothes, but all marching the same way to the same imperial orders, towards the same all-highest throne, is to obtain an impression such as one would have from watching a grand review of Frederick the Great's Grenadiers or a Nuremberg Rally. The absolutism of the Achæmenids, which pervades Persepolis even to this day, sets its mark upon the actual workmanship of these perfectly chiselled and polished groups, which the present Shah is reproducing so faithfully on the public buildings of modern Iran. The resulting impression is of a devalitized uniformity, an art without any of the humanist graces."

Sculpture and architecture seem to have merged into one and the same art at another famous city of oriental

antiquity—this time in the nearer East—which was not built, but hewn out of solid rock and carved into the form of temples and dwellings. It is described in "PETRA." The Rock City of Edom. By M. A. Murray, D.Litt., F.S.A. (Scot.). With 32 Photographs and 2 Sketch Maps (Blackie; 10s. 6d.). "As there is no book," writes the author, "which gives an account of Petra in a form which is easy to handle, I have ventured to write this book for the 'man in the street,' or perhaps I ought to say more accurately, for 'the visitor to Petra.' ... There are few places in the world where so complete a record could be found. It awaits the right archaeologist."

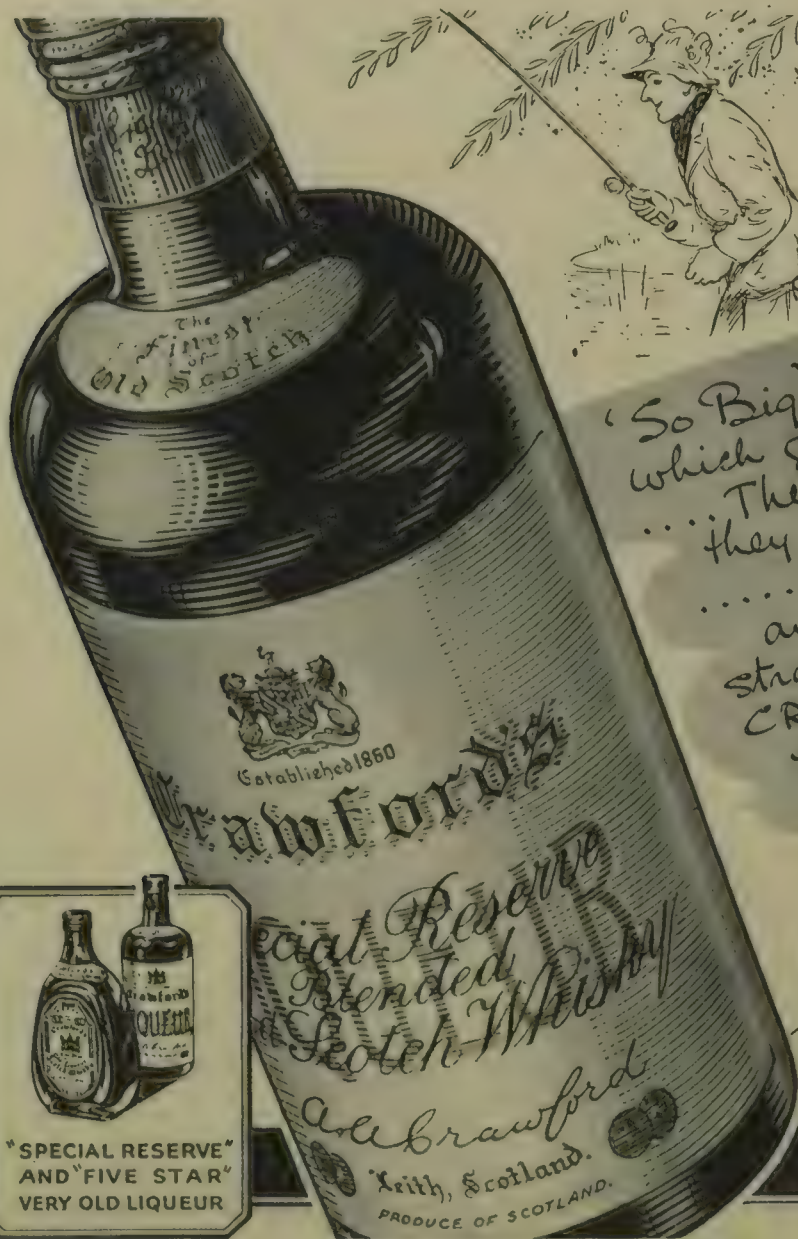
Dr. Murray also emphasises the great interest of Petra for Biblical students. "No one," he says, "should travel in Palestine or Transjordan without a Bible in hand. ... Many of the great figures of the Bible belong to this land." He mentions, for example, Cain, Jubal and Tubal-cain, Heber the Kenite; Esau, Aaron, Miriam and Balaam, the prophet who unwillingly blessed Israel. "Until one has seen the Land of Seir," the author continues, "it is hardly possible to understand the Old Testament, the effect of the scenery and climate on the religious thought of the inhabitants. To the psychologist and the student of ancient religions, Petra offers solutions of old problems and the presentation of new; to the artist, the rocks and hills disclose a perpetual feast of colour."

Incidental allusions to Petra as a goal of ancient caravan routes across the Egyptian deserts, still traceable by camel tracks, occur in a particularly well-written and beautifully illustrated book, "THE LAND OF EGYPT." By Robin Fedden (H. Romilly Fedden). With Coloured Frontispiece and 129 Photographs by A. Costa and others (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). The author, who is resident at Cairo, obviously has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and writes in telling style. He is equally readable on the social life of modern Cairo or on the religious beliefs and funerary customs of the Pharaohs. The frontispiece, which represents the great Hall of Columns at Karnak, is from a water-colour by the late R. Phené Spiers. It has a personal interest for me, since in the room where I write stands an oriental vase which the artist gave as a wedding present to my wife. Mr. Spiers was in his day a distinguished architect. The original water-colour is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The subject of the frontispiece prompts Mr. Fedden to compare Egyptian and Greek architecture. "This gigantic and amazing creation," he writes, "one of the most ambitious of the labours of man, is at the same time one of his most monstrous artistic creations. Here is weight without mass, and size without grandeur. The vast swollen pillars are flabby and spineless, and their closeness to one another destroys any sense of height or perspective. ... To this point did imperial absolutism, clerical obscurantism, and the dead hand of tradition reduce Egyptian sensibility."

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Burden of Tyre. By Margaret Iles. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
 Dynasty of Death. By Taylor Caldwell. (Collins; 9s. 6d.)
 All This and Heaven Too. By Rachel Field. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)
 Four People. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. (Martin Secker; 8s. 6d.)
 Come Michaelmas. By Geraint Goodwin. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Six Bulls on Sunday. By Joseph Peyré. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
 Blind Man's Ditch. By Walter Allen. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)
 Children of Guernica. By Hermann Kesten. (Routledge; 7s. 6d.)
 Mr. Emmanuel. By Louis Golding. (Rich and Cowan; 8s. 6d.)
 Brave Easterling. By Margaret M. Brash. (Jarrolds; 8s. 6d.)
 Death in the House. By Anthony Berkeley. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
 Death Pays a Dividend. By John Rhode. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 Death at Half Term. By Josephine Bell. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)



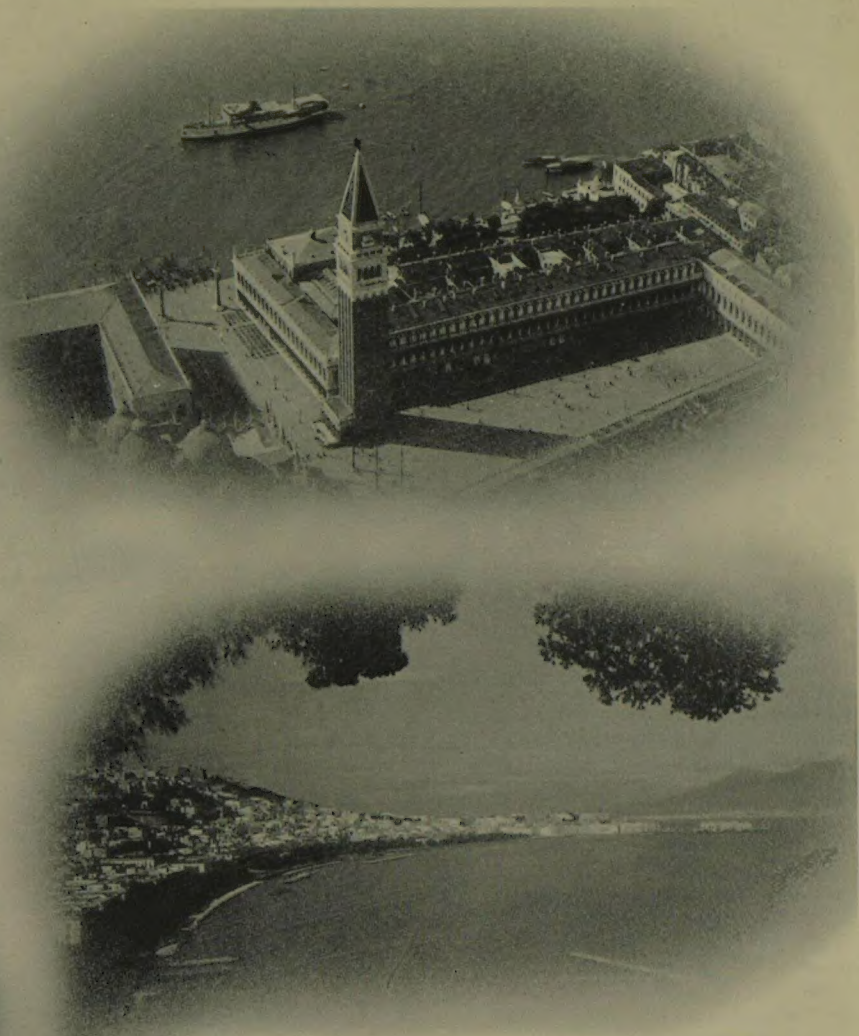
'So Big' it was (the one which got away.) What matter? There are bigger fish in the sea ... they say, ... another day tomorrow ... When darkness has taken sport away, the day's misfortunes seem strangely light, companioned by CRAWFORD'S. For who could resist this subtle, soothing flavour? ... What mood not acclaim it? ... A friendly drink, to be enjoyed with friends.



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Of Interest to Women.



Variations on the Bustle Theme.

All the talk about the bustle is that it seems likely to reduce itself to a large draping bow at the back, while the pannier has developed into a soft drapery on the hips. The crinoline has become a full skirt, beneath which a hooped petticoat is sometimes present. The little bolero frock is on the crest of the wave, the skirt and bolero being of the same material, with a blouse of contrasting colour and fabric. A new note is struck in hemlines of a different colour, slightly flared. Sometimes skirts are slit at the sides and allowed to fall apart a few inches, thereby revealing the underskirt. The influence of the Directoire period is noticeable, of course, but the bodices are not so short-waisted.

Simple House Coats.

There is really nothing more important in the world of dress to-day than the House Coat. Therefore women must wend their way to Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and see their collection. The prices range from 18s. 9d. in rose print cottons to those of regal magnificence, costing 20 guineas and over. In the centre of this page is a graceful affair of heavy suède crêpe strewn with white spots and a stiffened organdie cravat for 7½ guineas. It may appropriately be worn for a quiet dinner at home. The model on the left of the page is of white moire striped with black satin; it is 5½ guineas. The house coat on the right of the page is carried out in striped chintz, ornamented with grosgrain ribbon in apple blossom colourings. It costs 84s. It must not be forgotten that when zeerzucker is used for many of the simpler affairs the price is 29s. 6d.

Everything Lovely

At last women are realising that fashions are robbed of all their charm unless hair, face, hands and, incidentally, "poise," have received the attention they demand. Elizabeth Arden has shown that every potential beauty may be brought forth from its hiding-place with the aid of her treatments—soft creams, cooling lotions, delicate powders and perfumes. A witness to the fact of their excellence is that they are

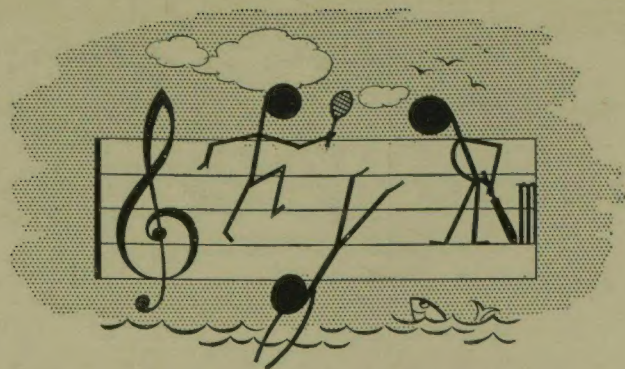


sold in seventy-nine countries, and her booklets are translated into seventeen foreign languages. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is not expensive to keep oneself perfectly groomed with the basic preparations. The amount laid out on the decoration of the skin is purely a personal matter. At the top of the page on the left is a bottle of Cyclamen perfume—note the artistic container. Its fragrance is unique.

Balanced Diet.

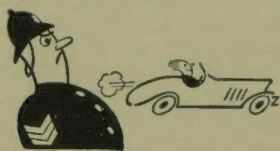
The very foundation of Elizabeth Arden's scientific treatments is the Cleansing Cream (4s. 6d.). It cleanses the pores thoroughly without the slightest stretching of the skin, and as the skin needs feeding, its diet should be Orange Skin Food for the same price. In her interesting brochure (sent on application), Miss Arden shows that a balanced diet is as necessary for the skin as for the body. The Skin Tonic is refreshing, and a mild astringent, and conquers that unpleasant sensation of burning—the aftermath of being in an overheated room. It should be used several times a day. And of the Eye Lotion too much cannot be said in its favour. It relieves the tired ache caused by overstrain and prevents the lids from drooping. Velva Liquid is a hand lotion; it keeps the hands soft, white and smooth. And sufferers from acne will be pleased that there is a special lotion for them which overcomes these unpleasant blemishes. Of course, it must be used in accordance with the instructions which accompany it.





CINÉ SYMPHONY

You can't help singing the praises of the Magazine Ciné-'Kodak.' It is a camera full of ingenious gadgets for getting an endless variety of amusing shots—from slow-motion pictures to close-ups of distant scenes with telephoto lens—and yet, for those who want utter simplicity, nothing could be easier to handle.



IN QUICK TIME

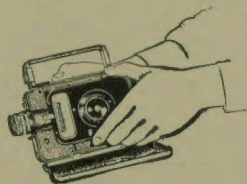
The first great advantage is the magazine-loading. To slip in a reel of 16 mm. film is as easy to do as it is to say. Three seconds it takes. And if you want to change a black-and-white reel for col-

our film ('Kodachrome'), or for a faster film, there's no need to wait until the reel is finished. You can change in the middle without wasting or fogging any film. Colour movies are something you must take . . . they're breathtakingly beautiful! Another thing—you can film indoors without lights on a bright day and it is even possible to take night shots in well-illuminated rooms if you use Ciné-'Kodak' Super-XX in your camera. Super-XX is one of the Kodak films used by big film studios.

The Magazine CINÉ-'KODAK' has ultra-fast f1.9 Anastigmat lens; seven long-focus and wide-angle lenses available (extra); 3 speeds (16, 32 and 64 per sec.). Capacity 50 ft. magazine of 16 mm. film. Price (with carrying case) £40. Ask your Ciné-'Kodak' Dealer for booklet about Ciné-'Kodaks,' or write to Mr. I. N. Taylor, Department 57V, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

MAGAZINE

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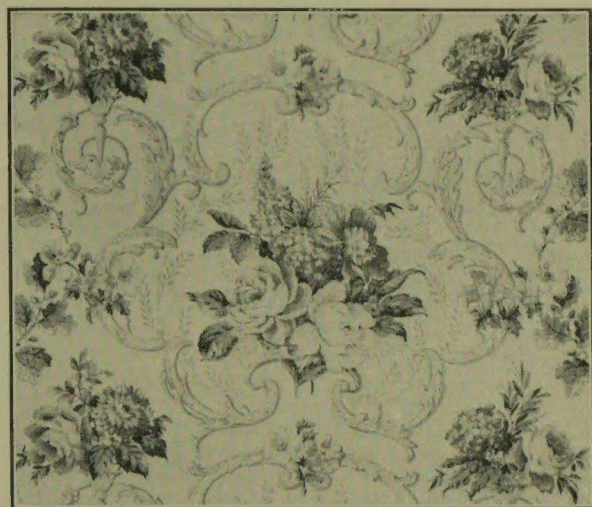
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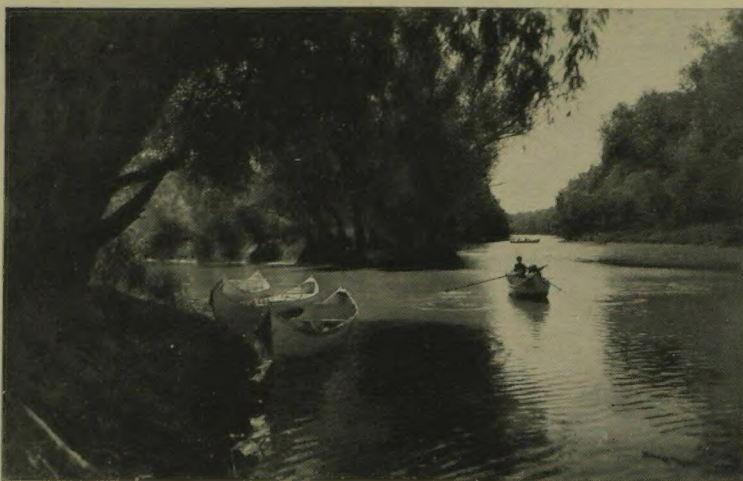
NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

RUMANIA: LAND OF THE DANUBE AND THE CARPATHIANS.

RUMANIA may seem a rather remote proposition for the summer holiday-maker. As a matter of fact, Bucharest, its altogether charming capital, is within forty-six hours of Paris, by either the Orient or the Simplon Express, both exceedingly well-appointed trains, whilst you can fly there in twelve hours from Paris, in six hours from Vienna, or three from Budapest. The most delightful route, however, to Rumania is that by the River Danube, from either Budapest or Belgrade, using the regular river steamer service. Having made this trip, I can recommend it as one affording an opportunity of seeing some of the finest river scenery in the world, where at the stupendous Kazan defile and the Iron Gates, the Danube has worn for itself a deep channel through the mountain ridge which joins the Carpathian arc with the Balkan mountains, whilst foaming waters swirl rapidly through the narrow pass.

This section of the mighty Danube has, too, its rocks and romantic castles, like those of the Rhine. There are the ruins of Castle Lazlova, and the remains of the fortress of Golubacs, which once kept sentinel over the river for the Serbian princes, and in places traces are visible of the road hewn out of the solid rock by the Roman legions in the days of the Emperors Tiberius and Trajan! Of quaint interest is the isle of Ada Kaleh, where still live several hundred Turks, the men wearing the red fez, the women the *yashmak*, and where you can obtain a cup of real Turkish coffee, *rahat-lacoum*, and delicious rose-leaf jam, and see in the fine mosque one of the largest Turkish carpets ever made, the gift of Sultan Abdul Hamid. Travel by river steamer is possible all the way to Giurgiu, where you entrain for Bucharest, and it is an extremely pleasant journey, with stops at this little village on the Rumanian side, and that on first the Yugoslavian and then on the Bulgarian side of the river. To see the great delta of the Danube, where water dominates the land, and the myriad bird life you must sail down to the Black Sea from either Braila or



TYPICAL OF THE ACTIVITIES AVAILABLE FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THE LOWER STRETCHES OF THE DANUBE: BOATING ON THE FILIPOIU CANAL IN THE DANUBE DELTA. (Photograph by Photo-Presse, Bucharest.)



SHOWING THE DELIGHTFUL SCENERY WHICH IS TO BE FOUND IN THE BUCOVINA, RUMANIA: A TYPICAL VILLAGE WHERE PEASANT LIFE IS STILL VERY COLOURFUL WITH ITS DISTINCTIVE CUSTOMS AND COSTUME.

Galatz, the two great Rumanian ports on the Danube.

Bucharest is a city of magnificent parks, splendid thoroughfares, smart shops, palatial hotels, and a very gay social life, and, walking down the Calea Victoriei, you can well imagine yourself in one of the smartest quarters of Paris. A national theatre and opera, horse-racing, and facilities for golf and tennis afford ample opportunities for sport and amusement, and then there are the open-air restaurants, with orchestras dispensing delightful gipsy music. Four hours distant by train from Bucharest is Sinaia, where, 3200 feet up, amid the magnificent mountain scenery of the Carpathians the castle is situated in which the Royal Family of Rumania make their summer home. It is, in consequence, a very fashionable summer resort, with fine hotels and numbers of charming villas, dotted amongst dark green pine-woods, and a large casino, and it is an excellent centre for excursions amongst the mountains, and for seeing something of Rumanian peasant life, still very colourful.

On the historical side, Rumania has its Alba Julia, looked upon as the cradle of the race, for it is built upon the ruins of the Roman town of Apulam, and it is from Roman settlers in Dacia that Rumanians partly derive their descent. It was in Alba Julia, in 1922, that King Ferdinand and Queen Marie celebrated their coronation. In Brashov, the black and white towers of the original fortifications are to be seen; in Bran, a castle with crenellated walls dating from 1211-1225; Sibiu (Herrmanstadt) has its Brukenthaler palace, with fine pictures, coins, copper-engravings, and a library of 120,000 volumes, and a town hall of the fifteenth century; and Jassy, once the capital of Moldavia, has a magnificent cathedral, whilst all lovers of art should make a point of seeing some of the far-famed Rumanian frescoes, with their wonderful tints, in various of the old abbeys and monasteries, and the splendid mural paintings in the Domneasca Church at Curtea de Arges. As for resorts by the sea, on the Black Sea coast is Constanta, where once Ovid lived, in banishment, and died; it is very up-to-date, with good hotels and a casino, and has pleasant bathing, whilst further south, along Rumania's "silver coast," is beautiful Baltchik, which was a favourite retreat of Queen Marie.

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